

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

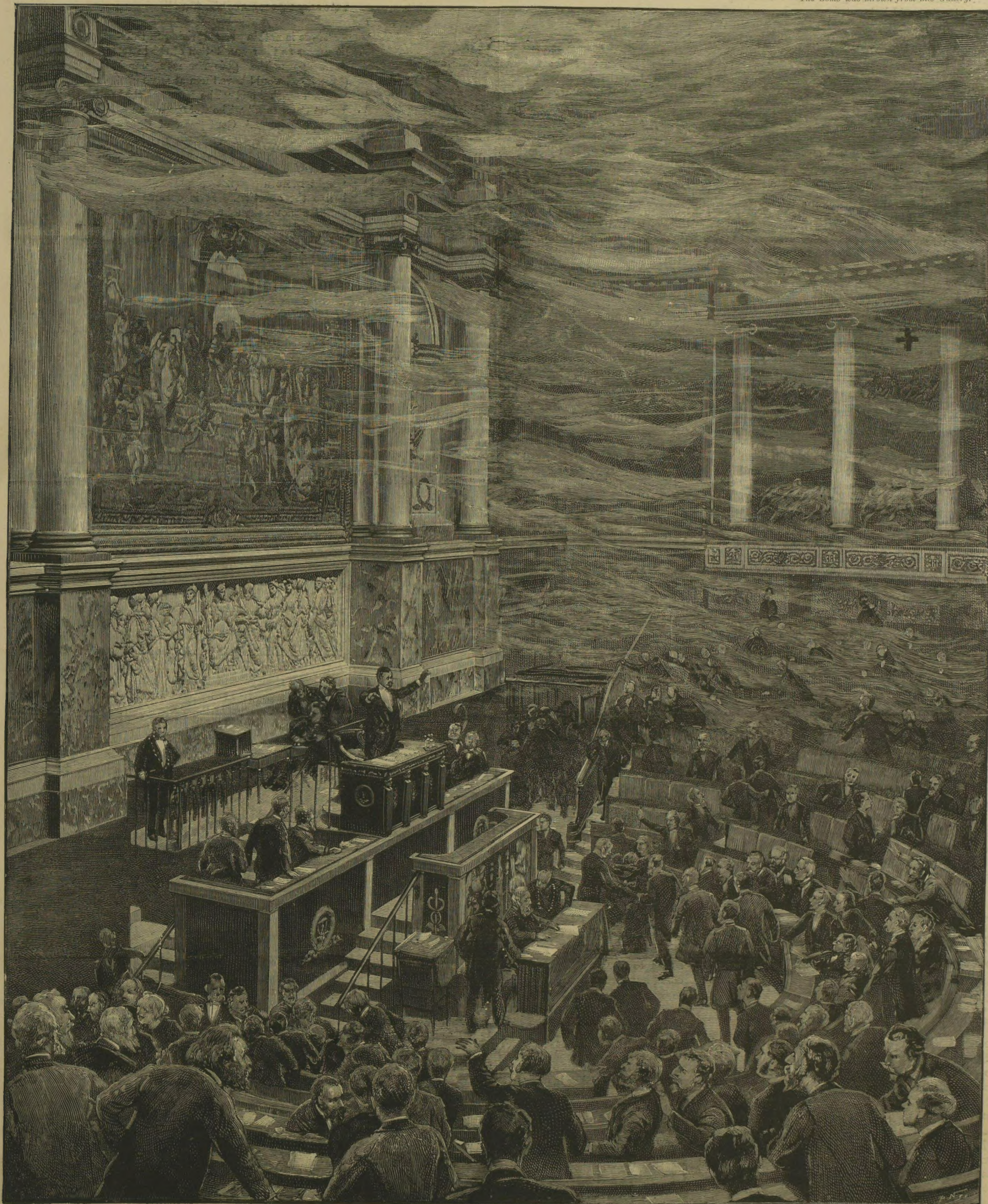
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1893.

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT: **SIXPENCE.**  
THE FRENCH SQUADRON IN THE MEDITERRANEAN By Post, 6½d.

The Bomb was thrown from this Gallery.



SCENE IN THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES: THE BOMB EXPLOSION, SATURDAY, DEC. 9.

FROM A SKETCH SUPPLIED BY M. LUCIEN MARC, OF "L'ILLUSTRATION."

Stretching out his arms, M. Dupuy said, "Silence, gentlemen; the sitting continues." This admirable coolness was greeted with a burst of applause. "It would not be," he said, "to the dignity of France nor of the Republic that such attempts, whenever they may come, of the cause of which, moreover, we are ignorant, should be able to disturb your deliberations. At the close of the sitting the Bureau will hold a meeting and take in all calmness the necessary measures. The next speaker is M. de Montfort." The effect of these words was like those of a general on a battle-field to his soldiers before a charge. Cheers went up from every quarter of the House.—THE "TIMES" PARIS CORRESPONDENT.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

For eighty pounds a-piece there are two geysers, I read, to be bought in Iceland. This is a very unusual description of property. I myself had once a chance of becoming a landed proprietor—at a time, too, when it was thought a fine thing to be so, instead of being a state of genteel poverty with somebody else in the house you cannot afford to live in. A mountain at Westwater Head was offered to me for half-a-crown an acre, but it was rather large about the base, and I had not the requisite amount of silver. There was nothing on it but stones and a mortgage, nor could it be turned to any practical purpose, except a toboggan slide: but the geyser offers immense opportunities to the auctioneer. There is, of course, the initial difficulty of carriage, but if one could but get a geyser home, to what excellent uses might it not be put! The vexed question of "baths and washhouses for the poor" might be settled at once; or if investment instead of philanthropy were one's object, the vast population which delight in tea and shrimps could be supplied with boiling water on far less than the usual terms.

The provisions of the will of Professor Jowett are a fit sequence to the kindness and common sense that distinguished him in life. It would be well if persons without families of their own should imitate his example, and, instead of leaving their money only to distant relatives whom they care nothing about and who already have enough and to spare, should "remember" their humble friends and dependents who have made their lives easy for them. There is no proverb better proved in this country than that "service is no inheritance," and it is a pity that it is so. A small slice of the rich cake now reserved for the full soul would go so far and be so greatly appreciated.

Is beauty decaying among us? is the last riddle submitted to newspaper readers. One gentleman, who has been investigating the matter, it seems, on Bank holidays at the Crystal Palace, is strongly of opinion that it is going out. He has probably been playing "kiss in the ring" there—an amusement which would supply more data for his researches than he could find elsewhere. 'Arry and his 'Arriet look their best, as, with flushed faces and mirthful eyes, they pursue one another across the lawns and (one is sorry to add) across the flower-beds. The investigator, however, declares that teeth are less white and strong than they used to be, eyes weaker, and limbs feebler. But he does not tell us his age. When we are well advanced in years we are apt to fancy that the other sex is not so beautiful as of old—an opinion which in our own case is unhappily too often reciprocated. As we grow still older, we notice other changes for the worse: how everybody mumbles, for instance, instead of speaking out. Our correspondent attributes our physical degeneracy to permitting the survival of the unfittest: all persons in ill-health or over fifty, and who have an injudicious and reprehensible fancy for getting married, ought, it appears, to be tomahawked.

Whether Englishwomen are as beautiful as they were or not, they still, if we are to believe the united testimony of our travellers, surpass the women of other nations. A friend of mine who is familiar with Circassia tells me that the ladies of that country are not to be compared for good looks with those of our own. It is the picture outside the cream-pots which has misled the world. And it is certain that Eastern potentates, who are, or who think themselves, such connoisseurs in the matter, award the palm of beauty to our fellow countrywomen. The constant inquiry of the Shah of Persia on both the occasions when he honoured us with a visit was "How much do you ask?" addressed to the fathers and husbands of the ladies he had a mind to purchase. A similar story is told of a Persian ambassador—Mirza Aboul Hassan—in times past, whose susceptibility was, one regrets to read, the subject of infinite jest among ladies of fashion. One of them, old enough to know better, was so indiscreet as to inquire what he thought the commercial value of Lady This and Lady That, her friends, might amount to; to which he gave very frank replies. Not content even with this, she pressed him to say what sum he would have offered for herself had she been in the market. At this his Excellency blushed and hesitated, as well he might; but, on her persevering in the matter, observed: "Well, I cannot say, for I do not know the small coins of this country."

The night police are henceforth to be supplied with revolvers, to put them on equal terms with the burglars. It was piteous, indeed, to read how the brave fellows, with nothing but a wooden staff to protect them, were shot down by their reckless and desperate foes; and now there will be two to play at shooting. It is curious that this reform is owing—though it is the last thing they would have advocated—to the sentimentalists. It is thanks to them that the more moderate proposal of applying the lash to burglars found in possession of revolvers was negatived; the fear, as usual, was that the sons of "the crowbar and other sedatives" should become brutalised; but now they are to be shot instead.

It is curious what store is set upon a Latin epigram by persons who can see no merit in an English one! A joke

in a dead language is esteemed in this country even out of proportion to its rarity. Indeed, next to a classical epigram, what arouses the mirth of quite a number of otherwise serious persons is a false quantity. Yet, what should we think of an individual who went into guffaws of laughter whenever a fellow-creature left out his h's! A gentleman wrote to the papers the other day to honour the memory of the late Mr. Abraham Hayward—whose voluminous biography contains no great collection of witticisms—by quoting a couple of Latin lines of his composition upon the marriage of a friend. It seems to have aroused a frenzy of admiration in his breast, and he concluded his communication with a devout expression of gratitude to the Creator that the couplet could never be translated. There really now appears to be some cause for his self-satisfaction in the matter, for another gentleman writes to say that the epigram as quoted is all wrong—and he ought to be a tolerable authority upon the matter, since he wrote it himself.

The ignorance of the writers of their own language exhibited by the devotees of classical literature was curiously exhibited the other day by no less a person than the Prime Minister himself, who threatened to associate Mr. Goschen's name for all time with the creation of the phrase "A put-up job." One would have thought that an English statesman with Homer and Horace at his fingers' ends might have spared an hour to the perusal of "Oliver Twist." This reminds one of the rebuke administered to Bernal Osborne for using the phrase "Some d—d good-natured friend," which the Speaker conceived to be an original observation. However, incredible as it appears, we are at last to have English literature made "a subject" at an English University, and quotations from Sheridan and Dickens may possibly come to be recognised even in the House of Commons.

Next in point of criminality to using a false quantity in a classical quotation is an inattention to the context. One of the most telling rejoinders ever made in Parliament was a reply by Sheridan to a quotation from Demosthenes by Lord Belgrave, who was much addicted to this species of display: "He was so unfortunate as to adopt a line which was a bitter reproach to the Athenians for wasting their time in inquiries about the state of Philip's health, instead of making preparations for the defence of their country." His lordship probably for once regretted that he had not confined his eloquence to his native tongue.

How difficult it is to avoid giving offence to some people! A native of Scotland has lately fallen foul of Mr. Lecky for speaking of Great Britain as England, and now another wants to pick a quarrel with me for saying in last week's "Notes" that the name of Lovat was not historically respectable. As the word "historical" was actually mentioned, and a parallel suggested with another name of unfortunate reputation, one would have thought that the statement could by no possibility have had any reference save to an individual. And yet my indignant correspondent insists that all persons of the same name all over the world will be aggrieved. I am truly sorry to have aggrieved even one person, but I hope, and think, that that will be the limit of the mischief.

It is not often that one envies a criminal, however successful he may have been in his operations; but the case of the agricultural person lately snatched from us by the arm of the law for the murder of his wife is peculiar. Having put an end to the poor woman, he hid her remains in an outhouse within view of his cottage window, and never failed in his meals on that account. To an individual with weak nerves this seems to argue a fine constitution indeed, and reminds one of the composition of Bismarck—"Blood and Iron." The Sherlock Holmes of the neighbourhood seems to have been struck with it. "This woman was his third wife," he reflected. "What made him take matters so quietly was because he had served the others the same way." So they began to dig for his other wives. At present they have only found the second, buried in the rick-yard where the man used to work. But only consider the rude health this ruffian must have enjoyed! Philosophers talk of our getting suited to our "environments," but very few philosophers could have worked and dined in such immediate vicinity to their murdered wives. Another curious part of the case is that nobody petitioned for the life of this agriculturist to be spared; but the course of law was too precipitate. If the murder of the other wives had been laid to his charge, there would certainly have been petitions, which are always in inverse ratio to the call for them; as it is, all chances of reforming his character and making him a credit to his country are gone. Still, one admires his nerves.

The explanations given by gentlemen and ladies for their appearance in the Court of Bankruptcy are very various but very naïve: their expenditure has exceeded their income, or they have been borrowing money at high interest, or they have been unfortunate on the Turf. An individual has, however, taken a new and original line under these circumstances, which deserves recognition. He attributes his position to never having had a competence to begin with. Though his excuse was not considered quite satisfactory by the Commissioner, it strikes one as

eminently reasonable. It is so usual to hear of people being "cursed with a competence," that it is at first surprising to hear anybody complain of the want of it. But the fact is that the latter state of affairs is much more deplorable. The popular notion is that a man who inherits a small income is always a clever fellow, and but for it would earn a large one. But I know a good many persons who, had they not by inheritance just enough to live upon, would infallibly starve. Moreover, one never hears anyone objecting to a young person having a large fortune, though it is much more likely to make him idle than a competence. It is curious that when so much is thought and written about money and its uses such rubbish should be talked about this matter. To a person of intelligence and independence of mind a small competence to begin with would be the greatest of blessings, if it were only that it saves him from the degradation of servility.

There is nothing so surprising in the history of modern literature as the resuscitation of the historical novel. Five years ago neither gods nor men, nor booksellers' shops (especially) would have them at any price. Presently came "Micah Clark" and "The House of the Wolf," then "The White Company," "The Refugees," and now last, but not least, here is "A Gentleman of France." It is to two authors only, Dr. Conan Doyle and Mr. Stanley Weyman, that we are, apparently, indebted for the revival. That they have both distinguished themselves in other branches of "light literature" (hateful phrase) is noteworthy, though beside the question. It is curious that the last-named excellent novel should remind us of a writer dear to youthful readers of half a century ago, though of small merit, but yet it is so. It is as though G. P. R. James were alive again, with genius added. The addition makes a great difference. M. de Marsac is just the cavalier whom that writer would have painted (for "the elder of his two travellers") if he could. There are even touches of him in the hero of "Philip Augustus"; but in James's novel you have the historical period described only, and in Mr. Weyman's you are *in* it. As we read the glowing page we become ourselves members of Henry's Court, and are identified with its subtle intrigue and selfish passions. In this respect it makes the same impression, though made by other means, as "Quentin Durward" (which, indeed, the whole novel somewhat resembles, as "The White Company" resembles "Ivanhoe"). De Marsac is a middle-aged adventurer, and, therefore, much more difficult to invest with the attributes of a hero, yet our interest in him never falters. In what one concludes is intended to be a favourable notice of the book, I see that it is commended to "young people," an observation curiously significant of the attitude which critics of the present day assume towards works of the imagination which deal with action. "The Three Musketeers" of Dumas has a similar claim to be placed in a juvenile library. I cannot fancy any reader, old or young, not sharing with doughty Crillon his admiration for M. de Marsac, who though no swashbuckler, has a sword that leaps from its scabbard at the breath of insult, and who, with all his mental deficiencies (and to say truth he is not clever) never falls into the error of attempting to conciliate a bully. There are several historical personages in the novel, such as the two King Henrys and Turenne, who have life once more breathed into them by our author's skill; there are a plotting priest and a faithful serving-man, both admirable studies; there is, of course, a heroine (who reminds one, it must be confessed, of one Katharine who married Petruchio) of great beauty and enterprise; but that true "gentleman of France," M. de Marsac, with his perseverance and valour, dominates them all.

Fiction—which I am sorry to say he calls lies (and with an expletive)—is easier, says Sir Walter Scott, to write than biography; but the remark was made when he was under the harrow of his "Life of Napoleon" (in eight volumes!). It was easier to *him*, no doubt, because his mind was already stored with the facts which in the alembic of his genius made historical novels. But, as a general rule, the historical novelist has to work like a navvy in the British Museum, or some similar cheerful spot, before he puts pen to paper. It is true that he has great opportunities for "conveying" matter from sources whence they are not likely to be missed—a temptation which very few can resist; but the writing of such works is, after all, a double labour. Where his "pull" comes in is that the reader is unable to contradict his views. In a modern novel everybody has his opinion about this and that character; but when an author deals with Hypatia or Alaric, he does it, as the police say, "from information received" which is out of the reach of the general public. Still, to my mind, to animate dead bones, and make men alive again so as to interest a far-off generation, is the greater feat; and I think one may gather from recent revelations that this was Scott's view. He was very lavish of praise to his rivals (if they can be called such) in the same line of business, but he tells us confidentially (in his Journal) that they were, after all, but his imitators, and that it is easy enough to grow the flower when once we have been given the seed; only instead of using Tennyson's image, Scott calls one of these imitators "one of the chime of bells I have had some hand in setting a-ringing."



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## BRITANNIA'S BULWARKS.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

We read in the newspapers that the country is opening its eyes in alarm at the naval activity of certain Continental Powers. If the newspapers were right in that assertion all would be well enough. They are doing their best, most of them, to make the statement good, and no doubt they have succeeded in arousing a distinguishable amount of interest here and there, and even some concern. But the flat truth is that after weeks of exhortation the country does not open its eyes, or if it does it cannot see out of them, or, if it sees, doesn't care: certainly is in no condition of alarm. Its various educational processes seem, indeed, to have left it without much care for anything, except a few alcoholic excitements of the kind called "fads"; and for thirty years and more, to the very great danger of us all, it has been a part of these educational processes to decry national spirit as "a relic of barbarism," and to feed the popular mind with philosophico-sentimental delusions of the millennial description.

These delusions (the chastening influence of commercial intercourse, the telegraph-wire as a bond of universal brotherhood, the extinction of race hatreds by popular intelligence—stuff of that kind) combine in one most unfortunate notion—that England need not seriously dread attack. The time, it is thought, is past for any such romantic and extraordinary event. "Thought," I have said, but there is no thought about it. It is a Micawberism; a persuasion; an impression; something of the "I-cannot-but-feel" order of conclusion; but fatally prevalent and sufficient.

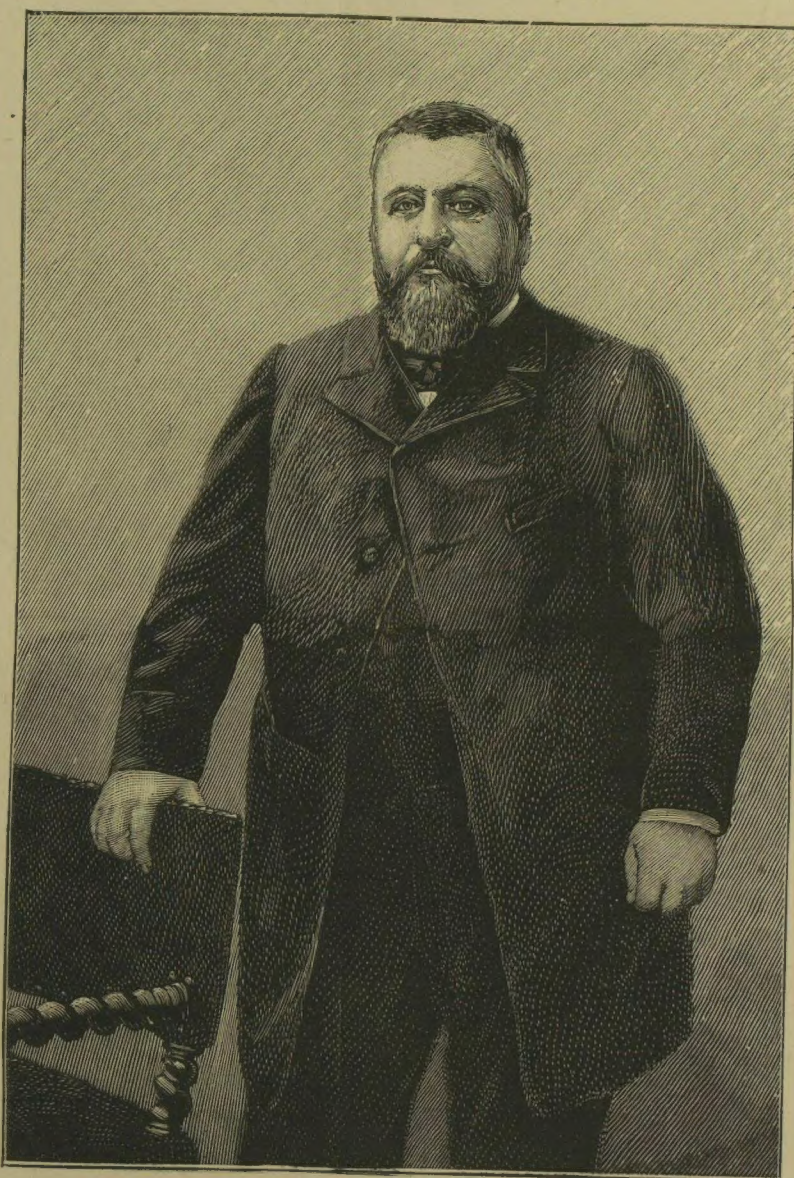
In my own deliberate belief, this preposterous notion has only to "hold the field" a few years longer—two or three, say—and the whole Empire will find itself in imminent danger of a fall. Or, not to talk of the Empire, which unfortunately is too much of an abstraction for many minds, the peace and prosperity of these islands will be menaced at their foundations. At this, anyone may repeat the cry of "Alarmist!" for aught that I care, if he will only answer to himself a few questions lately brought home to us all, of which the first are: what the immense naval preparations of France are intended for, and what is most likely to be the general purpose and design of the Russo-French alliance.

Possibly there is still a lingering disposition in this country to laugh at the Russo-French alliance as a mere fantastic French illusion, bred of the national vanity. Not long ago there was no other opinion of it in England except among the few Alarmists; but in truth the laughter was but as the crackling of thorns under the pot, as plainly appears from the history of the last five weeks. Whether the alliance has been formally concluded or not is of the least importance. Quite enough that there is a well-ascertained understanding; that the understanding between the two nations is based on grounds of mutual interests, mutual needs, irrepressible hankerings, common fears, common hatreds; that it exists as an understanding on these grounds between both rulers and peoples; and that we shall presently see it at the point of operation. As to this last statement, indeed, some doubt may be raised; but the rest is beyond question.

There is an understanding for war, or the purposes of war, between France and Russia; and the most striking thing about it at the moment when all doubt about the alliance dies away is, what?—that it specially takes a naval character. This perceived, there is some stir in England. That and the persistent rumour that Russia is bent on securing a naval station in the Mediterranean does arouse some curiosity of a distinctly animated character. Now we look to see what the French navy really amounts to, what is being done in the French building-yards, and what strength a hostile fleet in the Mediterranean would have at this moment, for example, if France and Russia combined to make it up. And we find the spectacle quite a surprise! It has been there for some time, to be sure; but, not to be alarmed, we did not look at it with eyes of calculation. So viewed, however, the eagerness, the persistency, the rapidity, with which the French have been building ships and making docks and forts to shelter them, are most unpleasantly revealed. Vast as the cost has been of re-establishing the army, enormous sacrifices have been made at the same time to create a navy that shall beat everything in those seas. That has been the object; and the truth is that it has been more nearly attained already than either past or present Admiralty Secretaries dare to admit. It would not be discreet to do so, they think—perhaps not even decent; and for similar reasons our naval officers speak about half their feelings on the subject publicly when they speak at all. As splendid a lot of men, as workmanlike a set of officers

as ever sailed the seas they will tell you of; but as for the ships and so forth—that is so much of another story that few admirals will speak confidently of more than "scraping through" were war to break out suddenly—as, of course, an enemy would take care it should. And this is as matters stand, and while the French are hard at work on twenty-three large ships more, we have four of the sort in hand, three of which are hardly begun as yet.

And what is the end, the purpose of these extraordinary sacrifices by the Government and people of France? What are all these ships for? To protect French commerce in war-time? Absolutely unnecessary; or else British commerce is almost without protection. To deal with the Triple Alliance at sea, should war break out? Again quite unnecessary: if France had not a single new ship on the stocks she might be perfectly easy on that account. No. The purpose is to paralyse the British navy in the home seas. Only to do that for three months, or even to seem able to do it (in alliance with Russia), would probably disintegrate the whole fabric of British prosperity. For when she can no longer boast of a palpably superior navy, England will look in vain for allies. Her Empire will become a prey for other alliances—some unexpected.



M. DUPUY, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH CHAMBER.

"M. Dupuy, the new President of the Chamber, maintained a coolness which is beyond praise."—DAILY PRESS.

Englishmen have now to consider, then, what they will do, or what they are prepared to put up with. According to every portent, it will soon be too late. Either they must make up their minds at once to re-create an invincible navy, or take the risk of being ignominiously starved into submission at home and surrender abroad before the close of the century.

## THE ANARCHIST OUTRAGE IN THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

No one who arrived in Paris on Sunday could have imagined from the aspect of the city that anything extraordinary had happened within a few hours. There was no crowd near the Palais Bourbon, though it had been the scene of one of the most daring crimes in recent history. Paris pursued her avocations and her pleasures with the sangfroid which was exhibited in the Chamber itself immediately after the explosion of Vaillant's bomb. Probably the swiftness of the retribution which overtook the criminal had something to do with the tranquillity of the popular temper. In the midst of the excitement that followed the deed there were two men whose nerve dominated the situation. One was the President of the Chamber, M. Dupuy, and the other was a humble usher who promptly ordered all the doors to be shut, and satisfied himself in every case that the order had been executed. This presence of mind prevented the escape of Vaillant, who was wounded by the explosion, and who was unable or unwilling to answer the interrogation to which every person in the

building was at once subjected. M. Dupuy quietly announced that the business of the sitting would be continued, and the Chamber returned with extraordinary calmness to the debate which had been so tragically interrupted. About sixty people were wounded, including the Abbé Lemire, who has distinguished himself in public life by his sympathy with Socialism, and who had actually given money in charity to Vaillant not long before. There can be no doubt that but for a fortunate accident the explosion would have been much more disastrous. Vaillant, who has made a full confession, admits that his intention was to hurl the bomb at the President's chair. At the critical moment his elbow was touched by a woman who stood near him in the public gallery, and the missile, being thus deflected, touched a projection and exploded in mid-air. Had it reached the floor of the Chamber its force would have been far more destructive. The bomb, which was somewhat clumsily made by Vaillant himself, was loaded with nails, which inflicted some severe wounds but happily cost no lives. Some of the victims were in the gallery, to which the public have hitherto been admitted without any restrictions. The Chamber has not observed those precautions which have been enforced at Westminster for the last ten years, and it was the easiest thing in the world for Vaillant to carry his murderous weapon into the public tribune without attracting any special notice. The man himself has been conspicuously engaged in the Anarchist propaganda for a long period. He has also been repeatedly convicted as a common felon. In a word, he is a ruffian of the Ravachol type, who makes a crazy ideal about the regeneration of society a cover for private vices.

## THE FRENCH MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON.

The permanent French squadron in the Mediterranean consists of the ironclads and armoured cruisers Amiral Baudin, Dupuy-de-Lôme, Amiral Duperré, Neptune, Courbet, Marceau, Magenta, Dévastation, Formidable, and Hoche; the cruisers Cécille and Jean-Bart; the smaller cruisers Cosmas, Faucon, Lalande, Troude, Vautour, and Wattignies; four torpedo gunboats, and six torpedo-boats; all these in commission, with full crews, throughout the year. There are, besides, in commission, but during half the year with reduced crews, the ironclads and armoured cruisers Colbert, Friedland, Richelieu, Redoutable (three months only), Caiman, Indomptable, Terrible, Trident, Duguesclin, and Vauban; the cruisers Davout, Sfax, and Tage; the Condor and Forbin, look-out ships; two torpedo-boats, and four sea-going torpedo-boats.

Several which appear in our Illustration demand particular notice. The Amiral Duperré is a ship built of iron and steel, having engines of 8000-horse power, with two propellers, giving a speed of 14.20 knots; her steel armour-belt is 21½ in. thick, with armour-plating of her battery, 15½ in., and with deck-plating; she carries four 48-ton breechloading rifled guns, of 34 centimètres calibre, mounted in barbette, one gun of 16 centimètres calibre, fourteen guns of 14 centimètres calibre, twelve machine-guns and torpedo-dischargers. The Formidable is rather larger, being 321 ft. 6 in. long, 69 ft. 6 in. broad, with a displacement of 11,441 tons; her engines are of 6500-horse power, but of 8320 at forced draught, giving a speed of 15 knots, and she carries 600 tons of coal; her armour-belt is 21½ in. thick, shield 17½ in., deck-plating 14 in.; she carries three 75-ton guns of 37 centimètres calibre, in barbette, and twelve lesser guns. The Dupuy-de-Lôme is an armoured cruiser, with engines of 14,000-horse power and three screw-propellers, giving a speed of 20 knots an hour; she carries two 8-ton guns and six smaller guns. The Hoche is a powerful battle-ship of the first class, built of iron and steel, with 18-in. and 16-in. armour-plating, with a speed of 16 knots, and coal-carrying capacity equal to the Neptune; she has two turret-guns of 34 centimètres calibre and 52 tons weight, and two 28-ton guns mounted in barbette, with some minor artillery.

The French battle-ships have a complete armour-belt surrounding their water lines, instead of the partial belt common to all the British ironclads in the Mediterranean except the Dreadnought; but, on the other hand, they do not possess the transverse armoured bulkheads.

## RIFF TRIBESMEN IN MOROCCO.

The wild people against whom the Spanish army, under Marshal Martinez Campos, is engaged in hostilities at Melilla are the Riff tribes of mountaineers near the sea-coast of Morocco. They are habitual marauders, and the neighbouring inland districts often suffer from their predatory excursions. One of these affords the subject of a drawing by our Artist, who has visited that country. The Riff tribes are not Moors or Arabs, but of the native Berber race.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen leaves Windsor Castle for Osborne House, Isle of Wight, a few days before Christmas. The Lord Chancellor, the Home Secretary, and the President of the Local Government Board on Monday, Dec. 11, visited her Majesty at Windsor. The Queen held a council next day. Her Majesty intends going to Italy in the spring, and has taken the Villa Fabbriotti, near Fiesole.

The Prince of Wales, on Dec. 11, with the Duke of Cambridge, was at the dinner given by the Sports Club to Lord Dunraven, in honour of his efforts at New York to win the America Cup in the yacht-race. On Dec. 13, his Royal Highness opened the Sir Hugh Myddelton Board School, at Clerkenwell.

The Princess of Wales and her daughters have quitted Sandringham to stay a few days with the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House.

Mr. Gladstone and Sir W. Harcourt on Dec. 7 received a deputation from the Temperance Convention, upon the

missile, which contained also a number of horse-shoe nails, burst on striking the balustrade of a gallery, and not on the floor of the Chamber; so that although nearly sixty persons were wounded, ten seriously, by the flying fragments and the nails, no one was killed.

The French Government has lost no time in deciding upon stringent measures to repress Anarchist outrages, and four Bills have been submitted to the Legislature by the Prime Minister, M. Casimir Perier. The first makes it a penal offence to publish incitements in the Press to commit outrages by means of explosives, or articles glorifying acts which are crimes. Incitements, without distinction between direct or indirect, are to be punished, the maximum penalty being five years' imprisonment. The second Bill makes the penal code regarding criminal associations applicable to Anarchist clubs. The third Bill makes the stringent law of 1892 applicable equally to persons having not only explosives in their possession but substances used in their manufacture. The fourth Bill increases by 820,000f. the credit for the provincial police service. This

and with those of that portion of Muongnan which lies to the north of the river. There is a proposal under consideration to invite China to undertake the rule of this neutralised territory.

## MARRIAGE OF THE EARL OF ESSEX.

The marriage of the Earl of Essex took place on Dec. 14. His Lordship, the Right Hon. George Devereux de Vere, born in 1857, Lord Capel, son of the late Viscount Malden, in 1892 succeeded his grandfather, Arthur Algernon Capel, the sixth Earl, who was thrice married. He also married, in 1882, a daughter of Mr. W. H. Harford, of Almondsbury, Gloucestershire, but that lady died in 1885, leaving him a son and heir. His present bride, Miss Grant, is the daughter of an American, the late Mr. Beach Grant.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY. The availability of the special cheap Friday, Saturday and Sunday to Monday, also the Saturday and Sunday to Monday tickets to the seaside, will be extended to Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 26 and 27.

Special Friday, Saturday and Sunday to Monday or Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Dieppe.

On Dec. 22 and 23 extra fast trains will leave Victoria and London Bridge stations for the Isle of Wight, and on Saturday, Dec. 23, an extra midnight train will leave London for Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, Worthing, Portsmouth, &c. On Christmas Day the ordinary Sunday service will be run, including the Pullman cheap trains from Victoria to Brighton and back.

On Boxing Day, Tuesday, Dec. 26, day trips at special excursion fares will be run from London to Brighton, and from Worthing and Brighton to London.

For the Crystal Palace holiday entertainments, grand pantomime, &c., extra trains will be run to and from London as required by the traffic.

The Brighton Company announce that their West-End Offices—28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square—will remain open until 10 p.m. on the evenings of Thursday, Friday, and Saturday for the sale of the special cheap tickets and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line and to the Continent, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria.

Similar tickets at the same fares may also be obtained at Cook's Offices, Ludgate Circus, 445, West Strand, 99, Gracechurch Street, 82, Oxford Street, and Euston Road; Gaze and Son, 142, Strand, and Westbourne Grove; Hays', 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; Myers' Offices, 343, Gray's Inn Road, and 1A, Pentonville Road; and Jakins' Offices, 6, Camden Road, 99, Leadenhall Street, and 30, Silver Street, Notting Hill Gate; also at the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, Westminster.

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THE  
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Edited by SIR WILLIAM INGRAM, Bart., and CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

## THE DECEMBER AND CHRISTMAS NUMBER,

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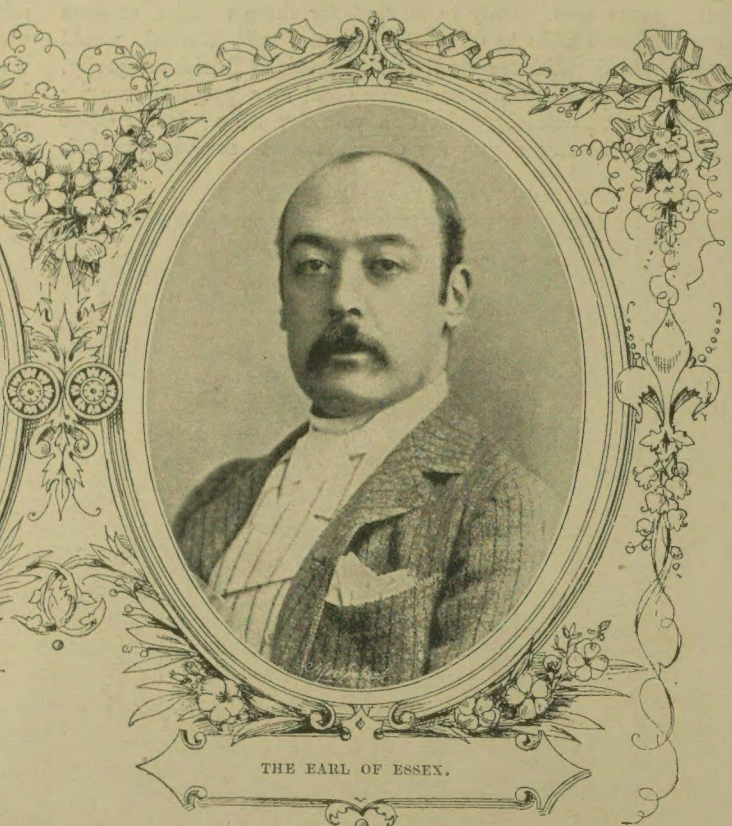
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THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX (MISS GRANT).

Photo by M. C. Hughes, Gower Street.



THE EARL OF ESSEX.

Photo by F. Downer, Watford.

## MARRIAGE OF THE EARL OF ESSEX.

importance of pressing forward the Local Veto Bill next Session. After speeches from Sir W. Lawson and Mr. Caine, Sir W. Harcourt said Government were resolved, at the earliest possible moment, to prosecute the measure with all the resources at their disposal. Mr. Gladstone adhered to Sir W. Harcourt's declaration.

An important City of London meeting, convened by the London Chamber of Commerce, was held on Tuesday, Dec. 12, at the Cannon Street Hotel, to demand an increase of the British Navy for the defence of our Empire, colonies, and commerce. Sir Albert K. Rollit, M.P., presided in the absence of the Lord Mayor. Among the speakers were the Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, Lord Roberts, and Sir J. C. Colomb. Resolutions were unanimously passed, and were ordered to be sent to the Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and the Secretary of State for War.

A strong south-westerly gale visited Ireland, the Channel, and the Irish Sea on Thursday night, Dec. 7, and the next day. Its effects were felt over the greater part of the United Kingdom. Marine disasters are reported, and damage has been done in some inland districts, especially in Ireland. The steamer Nyanza, of London, foundered off the Cornish coast with eighteen hands on board. There was another heavy storm on Dec. 12.

On Saturday, Dec. 9, the medals, scholarships, and other prizes gained during the year by the students of the Royal Academy were distributed by the President, Sir F. Leighton, who devoted his address to a review of the tendencies and developments of German art, especially in architecture.

A marble statue of the late Dr. Joule, the discoverer of the mechanical equivalent of heat, has been unveiled at Manchester by Lord Kelvin.

The Departmental Committee appointed by the Home Secretary upon the conditions of labour in chemical works, and the dangers to life and health of the workpeople, have drawn up a series of special rules to be enforced. Their report contains a valuable statement from the medical point of view.

On Friday, Dec. 8, a young woman named Dungey, a governess left in charge of a house at Lambridge, near Henley, tenanted by a Mr. Mash, fruiterer, of Glasshouse Street, London, was found murdered in a wood behind the house, with more than twenty wounds and cuts. The murderer has not yet been discovered.

An atrocious outrage was perpetrated in the French Chamber of Deputies on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 9, by one of the Anarchist conspirators. A bomb or closed iron vessel, which contained, it is said, picric acid and prussiate of soda, with cotton wadding soaked in sulphuric acid, calculated to explode when mixed, was thrown from the upper public gallery. It was the act of Auguste Vaillant, a man thirty-two years of age, a journeyman furrier, but recently employed in a morocco leather factory at Choisy-le-Roi, near Paris, who has been repeatedly convicted of theft. He was presently arrested. The

money will be used for the better supervision of dangerous societies in provincial towns. When the deputies met in the Chamber on Dec. 11, the amendment to the Press Law was opposed by the Socialists, but was carried by 413 votes to 130. The Bill was received in the Senate with cheers, and was unanimously adopted.

The President of the Chamber, M. Dupuy, on Tuesday, Dec. 12, read the following letter from the Speaker of the House of Commons—

"The Speaker of the House of Commons presents his compliments to the President of the French Chamber of Deputies, and, speaking in his private capacity, is desirous of adding to the unanimous expression of feeling on the part of the House of Commons his own personal sympathy with the President of the Chamber. The Speaker ventures to offer his admiration of the coolness and courage with which the danger was met, and is anxious to express his detestation of the dastardly crime which aroused such universal indignation in this country."

It is stated that Vaillant, who, during the first two days after the confession of his crime was bombastic of his Anarchist doctrines and violent in his denunciations of the bourgeoisie, is now thoroughly depressed.

Special precautions are being taken for the protection of public buildings against Anarchist outrages, the Palais de Justice, the Tribunal de Commerce, and the Prefecture of Police being particularly well guarded. The theatres are also closely watched. The police have prohibited the performance of a play which was to have been given at the Théâtre des Bouffes du Nord, called "Les Ames Solitaires." The piece was written by a German Socialist named Hauptmann.

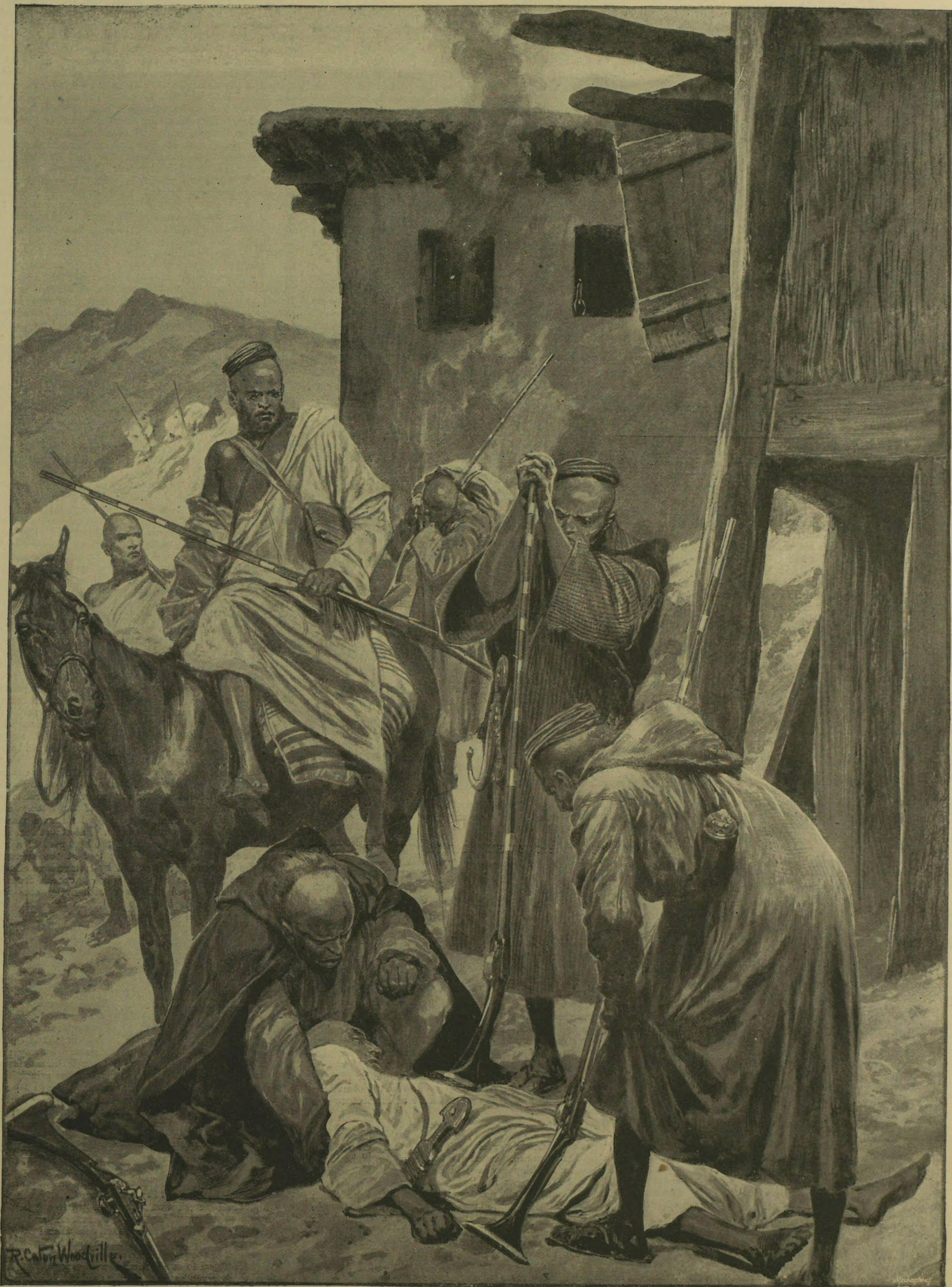
The Ministerial crisis in Italy has now terminated, as Signor Crispi has accepted the task of forming a Ministry, which will be composed without distinctions of party, the presence of Signor Saracco and Signor Sonnini being assured. The chief feature in the programme of the new Ministry is to be the readjustment of the public finances by stringent economies, and, if necessary, an increase of taxation.

The Italian Government is called upon to deal with fierce riots among the labouring classes in several districts of Sicily. At Giardinello, in the conflict we have noticed, the troops on Dec. 10 fired upon the rioters, killing eight and wounding fourteen; the townhall was stormed by the mob, and the town clerk and his wife were murdered.

The Upper House of the Austrian Reichsrath has approved a convention between Austria and Great Britain for the protection of literary copyright.

The negotiations in Paris between the British and French Governments for the settlement of the Siamese territorial question have been made public, down to Dec. 4, by the documents laid before the French Chamber. It has been agreed to form a neutral zone, or "buffer State," between the French Annamese and the British Burmese territories on the Upper-Mekong, from the entry of that river into Xieng Kheng until its entry into Luang Prabang, with the limits of the province of Xieng Kheng,





RIFF TRIBESMEN ON A PLUNDERING EXPEDITION IN MOROCCO.



## PERSONAL.

Dr. John Russell Reynolds, who has been elected by the College of Physicians to fill the office of President in the room of the late Sir Andrew Clark, had been very generally mentioned in medical circles, together with Dr. Samuel Wilks, as a probable recipient of the honour. His election, by the narrow majority of three, over Dr. Wilks, with no other candidate in serious opposition, was a very accurate representation of the position which these two eminent Fellows of the College of Physicians occupy in the eyes of their corporation. The name of the new President is intimately associated with the study of nervous diseases, to which important and fascinating branch of medicine he has acted as one of the chief pioneers in England. His essay on the "Diagnosis of Diseases of the Brain and Spinal Cord" was among the earliest literary attempts to unravel the difficulties which then existed in the comprehension of nervous phenomena, but which medical men in these days can hardly believe even to have been difficulties, so much has science profited by the labours of the neurologist. But there is no epithet that Dr. Russell Reynolds would desire—and justly—more unequivocally to repudiate than that of "specialist." He holds strongly that there can be no sound specialist who is not primarily a sound general physician; the greater contains the less, and he reasonably prefers to be known as the greater. Dr. Russell Reynolds is a tall, quiet, grave man, with a pleasant though infrequent smile, a low voice, and restful manners. He gets through an enormous amount of work in the day, yet always contrives to be leisurely, and to infect those with whom he comes in contact with something of his own equability. He has collaborated anonymously in a successful novel; he has travelled a great deal, and is widely read in his own and more than one foreign tongue; and he writes beautiful English—the sort of English that but few scientific writers employ. In committing their welfare into Dr. Russell Reynolds's hands, the Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians have entrusted themselves to a man whose personal dignity and courtesy, wide culture, and accepted scientific attainments fitly entitle him to wear the mantle of Watson, Jenner, or Clark.

The eminent hands on the Paris Press seem to have been a little taken aback by the outrage at the Palais Bourbon. In every journal they have published their reflections, but never were so many ingenious writers so completely nonplussed. The difficulty of saying anything striking appears to have chiefly oppressed M. Henri Rochefort, whose remarks, being for once without pungency, are quite commonplace. For the first time in his life, probably, the editor of *L'Intransigeant* found himself confronted by a subject on which he could not say a single satirical word. Perhaps M. François Coppée was less troubled than most of his confrères by the gravity of the theme. He preached a little sermon in *Le Journal* on the efficacy of brotherly love. If men would only love one another Anarchism would not exist. How that admirable sentiment is to be carried into practical effect M. Coppée did not explain. He leaves that detail to the mere politicians.

The death of Mr. Robert Loudan, at the age of sixty-nine, closes the career of one of the oldest engravers connected with *The Illustrated London News*. In his early days he spent some years in Germany, and as a member of the Artists' Corps in Vienna fought in the revolution of 1848. On his return from Germany he commenced the career of an engraver, which he has been engaged in for forty years or more. Mr. Loudan was the father of the eminent young artist, W. Mouat Loudan.

Although Sir George Elvey had practically retired from an active musical career in 1882, when he ceased to fill the post of organist at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, he had by no means been forgotten, and the news of his death (which occurred at his residence, The Towers, Windlesham, Surrey, on Dec. 9) was heard with widespread regret. He was originally a choir boy at Canterbury, his native city, and he

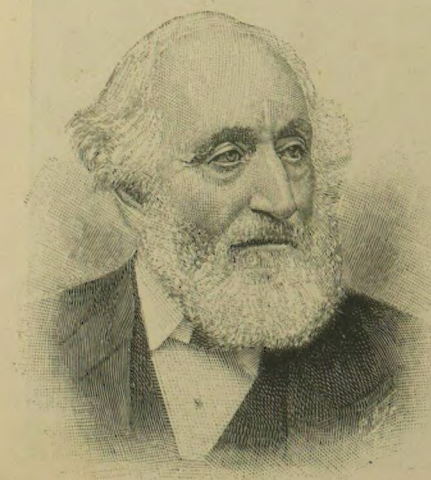


Photo by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.  
THE LATE SIR GEORGE JOB ELVEY.

studied the organ under his elder brother, Dr. Stephen Elvey, who, by-the-way, was for many years choragus at

Oxford University. He became an excellent organist, and first made his mark as a composer in 1834, when he carried off the Gresham Medal with an anthem—the prelude to many notable and interesting Church compositions. A year later he was appointed to St. George's, Windsor, and at that onerous and important post did all the most valuable work of his life, filling it with discretion and *éclat* for the lengthy period of forty-seven years. Sir George Elvey, who died in his seventy-eighth year, received the honour of knighthood in 1871.

The retirement of Sir William Marriott from the Parliamentary representation of Brighton is due to an enterprise which will take him to the East in his forensic capacity. Sir William was Judge-Advocate-General in the late Government, and ten years ago he was one of the most active members of the Conservative party. The credit of originating the Primrose League belongs chiefly to Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, but nobody worked harder at the organisation than Sir William Marriott. Before 1880 Sir William was a Liberal, and made himself conspicuous by his attacks on Mr. Chamberlain. These reached such a climax that Mr. Chamberlain was understood to meditate an action for libel, which, however, never reached the courts. Of late years Sir William Marriott has taken a comparatively small part in public affairs. In the heyday of his political vigour he was famous as one of the hardest hitters on the platform.

Mr. Grant Allen has been quizzing the insular Briton about his airs of ignorant superiority to the mere foreigner. When the Englishman leaves his island and travels he describes his sphere of operations vaguely as "abroad." On this Mr. Grant Allen makes the sarcastic comment that the Englishman is too grand a creature even to trouble himself about trivial distinctions between French and Germans; or between the Continent and Asia. Nor does he excite himself about foreign opinion, to which he maintains a supreme indifference, especially when it is directed against England. Mr. Grant Allen does not perceive that this apathy has its meritorious side. If we troubled ourselves as much about foreign criticism as some other nations, the stock of irritation would be greatly increased, and the peace of the world more imperilled than it is. The English indifference of which Mr. Grant Allen complains is really a serenity of temper, which he ought to applaud, in the interests of civilised intercourse.

The appointment of Lieutenant-General Arthur James Lyon Fremantle, C.B., to be Governor of Malta, in succession to General Sir H.A. Smyth, whose term of service will expire at the end of the year, has been officially announced. This officer, who entered the Army in 1852, and served, first, in the 52nd Regiment of Infantry, but soon joined the Coldstream Guards, was Assistant-Military Secretary at Gibraltar from 1860 for two years, and in 1881 was on the Headquarters Staff; in the Egyptian and Sudan campaigns he commanded a brigade of the Guards, and was sometime Chief of the Staff; since 1886 he has been Deputy-Adjutant-General for the Auxiliary Forces.



Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street.  
LIEUT.-GENERAL A. J. LYON FREMANTLE, C.B.,  
The New Governor of Malta.

On Wednesday evening, Dec. 6, Mr. Frederick Villiers, the well-known war artist, lectured on his Chicago experiences at the Royal Society. The lecture was illustrated by over one hundred and twenty lantern pictures of a most picturesque and taking character. No better idea could possibly have been given of the city of the Great Advanced. As an exception to prove the rule, Mr. Villiers displayed the keenest sense of humour in his novel sketches of Chicago character. The typical Chicago waiter, the Chicago gallant, the good folk in the elevators, &c., were all accurately and oddly portrayed. Sir George Chubb acted as chairman, and proposed the usual vote of thanks, which was certainly more than the usual "unanimously carried," Sir George remarking that although Sir Richard Webster and Mr. James Dredge had already lectured on the subject, still Mr. Villiers' treatment of his lecture was entirely original.

At the Actors' Benevolent Fund dinner, Mr. Beerbohm Tree gave an amusing example of the applications made to theatrical managers by aspirants to the stage. The letter came from a bricklayer who had been unfortunate in his business, and thought his inches, his acquaintance with "Bell's Elocution," and a fondness for late hours made him quite good enough for the stage. There is an ineradicable belief that the theatrical profession is a comfortable retreat for people who have not succeeded at shop-keeping or hod-carrying, or any other serious employment. To vary Lord Beaconsfield's famous saying, actors, according to this theory, are those who have failed in grocery or bricks. The archives of every theatre are full of quaint illustrations of the same delusion. The only point that troubles the writers is that of height. A manager has bushels of letters from people who seem to imagine that there is a standard of inches on the stage as there is in the army, and that anybody who is well over five feet and a half has an excellent chance of rising to eminence in Shakspeare.

## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

Never has the spectacle of a good man struggling with adversity been more pathetic than in the now historic instance of Mr. Fowler. Evidently the President of the Local Government Board hoped against hope that he would pilot his Bill through the Commons by adroit persuasion and the soft answer that turneth away wrath. Yet upon his head has burst one of the fiercest storms of the Session. The Opposition declare that he distinctly pledged the Government to make no change in Clause Thirteen, which deals with the administration of parochial charities as distinct from ecclesiastical charities. Whether this be so or not, it is certain that Mr. Fowler took up an attitude which his party forced him to abandon. There came an amendment of Mr. Strachey's, demanding that all parochial charities should be handed over to the parish councils. Mr. Fowler opposed this strongly, and suggested that the councils were unfit for such a task. Then arose the hurley-burley. Mr. Chamberlain suggested that the Minister was willing to give the parishes control of every property except their own. The Radicals fumed, and the situation grew very serious. Then it was discovered on the Treasury bench that Mr. Cobb had an amendment which would empower the parish to elect a majority of the parochial charity trustees. Sir John Rigby was put up to say that the Government would accept this. Manifestly there was no more difference between handing over the charities in question to the councils, and empowering the parish to control the trusteeship, than there was between the proverbial tweedledum and tweedledee. Instantly the wrath of the Opposition rose to fury, and a lot of amendments were framed to Mr. Cobb's amendment. Not only that, but there were even amendments to the amendments—a state of affairs which reduced poor Mr. Mellor to abject misery.

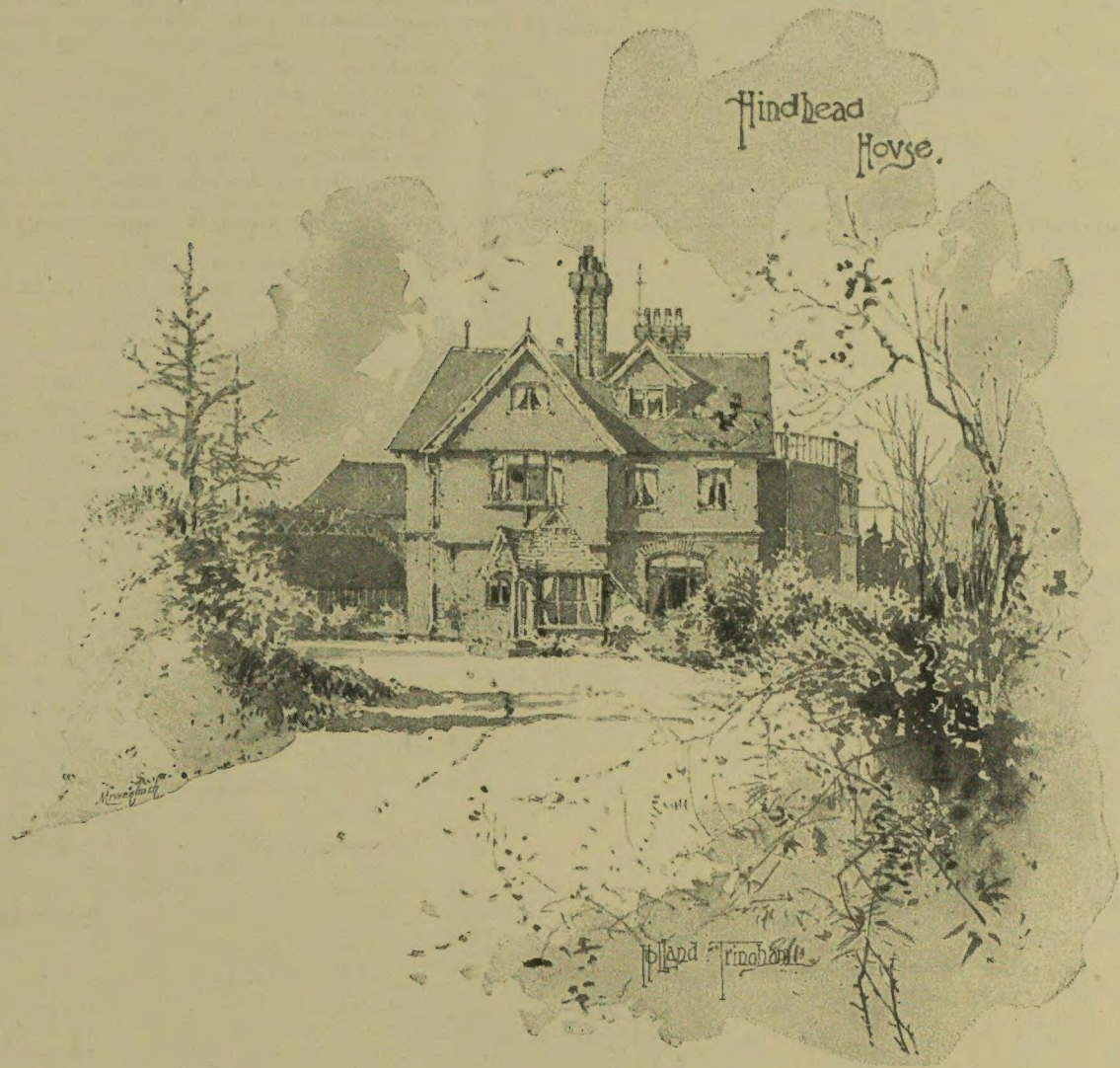
The climax was reached at the Saturday sitting, always an occasion which sorely tries the temper of the House. Sir William Harcourt was absent, Mr. Gladstone was absent, Mr. Morley was absent, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman was absent. As he contemplated the well-nigh deserted Government bench, Mr. Bartley's soul kindled within him. He thought of his own recent indisposition, and a sense of injury took the paradoxical form of suggesting that although the House had continued to sit in his absence it had no business to sit in Mr. Gladstone's absence. Then Sir Henry James was moved by the injustice of making a House of country gentlemen and fathers of families meet on a Saturday. He drew a lurid picture of the revolutionary time when no man of property and no father of a family would consent to adorn an assembly which would consist of professional politicians who used the House as a shelter. I shuddered to think of rows and rows of members without a domestic fireside and the civilising influences of a nursery. Without these guarantees of law and order, what havoc might these sinister legislators work among our most cherished institutions! Sir Henry James's voice fairly broke with emotion as he thought of this terrible result of the policy of carrying on the session till Christmas. Mr. Labouchere could not see why even the fathers of families should be under a pressing obligation to absent themselves from the House on Saturday nights. With an air of exquisite simplicity he besought Sir Henry James's professional advice as to the social duty of a father at the end of the week. Upon this the House broke into uncontrollable mirth. Grave and reverend oracles like Mr. Courtney covered their faces and visibly shook. Some of the young members rushed into the lobby and could be heard roaring in that place of comparative freedom. Mr. Labouchere remained standing with an expression of innocent wonder which provoked fresh shrieks. All this did not advance the business of the sitting, and it seemed as if the Government would get no wool whatever from this prodigious quantity of cry. But at last Mr. Cobb's amendment, which had occupied the best part of a week, was allowed to go to a division; and at the succeeding sitting the Government managed by tremendous efforts to pass Clause Thirteen after a spirited speech from Mr. Balfour, who charged Ministers with every conceivable offence in their conduct of the Bill. To this Mr. Fowler did not listen. He was happily spared that pang by an invitation to Windsor. "Happy thought of the Queen," remarked Mr. James Lowther to me in his affable way, "She must have heard poor old Fowler was very much pulled down, and so she asked him to dinner to cheer him up. And yet people say the monarchy is only ornamental!"

As if they had not troubles enough, Ministers have to face a succession of motions for the adjournment. Sir John Lubbock initiated a debate of several hours on the refusal of the Government to assent to the suggestion of a Joint Committee of both Houses to inquire into the question whether a man whose property is improved by any public work ought to pay "betterment." Sir William Harcourt explained that the Commons had settled this principle over and over again, that it came before the Lords in the shape of a private Bill, that the Lords threw out the Bill, and treated "betterment" as a senseless delusion. The Opposition replied with somewhat conflicting voices. Mr. Chamberlain argued that the Lords had confessed their error, and courted an amicable inquiry. Mr. Balfour maintained that the Joint Committee was refused by the Government for party purposes, and that the Lords were perfectly right. Next day, Mr. Keir Hardie moved the adjournment to descant on the woes of the unemployed. By the forms of the House his resolution was restricted to a demand for legislation which would prevent starvation and suicide. This hampered the discussion so much that Mr. Powell Williams was reduced to the suggestion that the House should go and "look at the people who commit suicide," a proposition which seemed to excite some bewilderment. After four hours of discursiveness, Mr. Hardie made another speech, to which he had no right save that of courtesy; and when Mr. Storey proposed to follow him, the member for South West Ham indignantly asked whether it was in order to speak after he had closed the discussion. "I am Sir Oracle and when I close my mouth let no dog bark." However, the Sunderland mastiff lifted up a voice which was as pathetic as ever.



## THE LATE PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

BY RICHARD GARNETT, LL.D.



HINDHEAD HOUSE, WHERE PROFESSOR TYNDALL DIED.

It may seem remarkable that the death of a man of science who, like Tyndall, was confessedly not a great discoverer should have created such a void and be mourned so universally as a national loss. The removal of one endowed with a genius for discovery speaks for itself as a bereavement. No one can tell what such a man might have effected had his days been prolonged, nor how long it may be before another is raised up to fill his place. For a quarter of a century after the discovery of the Rosetta Stone there were but two men in Europe who could apply it with any success to the elucidation of Egyptian hieroglyphics. Mr. Herbert Spencer was at one time the only man who could philosophically formulate the doctrine of evolution,

though many groped after it. The particular form under which it won its way to scientific acceptance was at the moment of its promulgation the exclusive property of two individuals, Darwin and Wallace. The premature death of Davy or Morton might conceivably have postponed the safety-lamp or anæsthetic surgery for many years. On the other hand, science is never likely to want for brilliant expositors, useful popularisers of the discoveries of others, deft and infallible experimentalists. In all these departments Tyndall was by common consent *facile princeps*, but none of them is recognised as constituting a claim to greatness; he had, moreover, retired from the actual practice of all, and yet his death is felt to make an irreparable void.

Apart from the eminent personal qualities of the deceased, the answer seems to us to lie in the far greater importance of science in the world of thought than it held in the days of a Newton or even of a Davy. Newton, as Wordsworth says, voyaged vast seas of thought; but, if he ever thought himself a Columbus, he had probably no more definite idea than Columbus himself what he was going to find. He regarded himself, in all probability, merely as a discoverer in natural philosophy, and did not see that he was putting Science in the position of an arbiter in moral, social, and religious controversies. That such is her present position is patent; and one consequence has been the development of a new type of

scientific man, who, if not endowed with the same originality of genius as the first-class naturalist or physicist, frequently possesses a much greater compass of faculties. Before depreciating such a man as a mere populariser, it is well to consider whether he is a populariser of facts or of ideas. The former office requires some excellent gifts—lucidity, concentration, and the like—which, however valuable, are fortunately not rare. The latter requires culture, knowledge, sympathy, imagination, moral enthusiasm, and other gifts of a much higher order than are needed for mere scientific investigation. The greatest scientific discoverer that ever lived may be open to the poet's charge, "A spirit bounded and poor." The man who circulates scientific ideas, animates them with moral purpose, and brings them into relation with the best thought of his time cannot possibly be that. His very function requires that he should be inspired by a quick intelligence of, and a warm sympathy with, the intellectual life around him. He must be a man of science, but he must also be a good deal more.

Professor Tyndall's place in the history of the intellectual movement of our age is marked out in a measure by his own account of the sources of his inspiration. He does not tell us that he has sat at the feet of Newton or Cuvier. Intense as were his gratitude to and his affection for Faraday, he does not attribute his eminence to his intimacy with that great natural philosopher. The moral philosophers, he tells us, were the making of him. If he has been anything, it is owing to the impression produced upon him by the writings of Emerson. Yet Emerson must not have all the honour, for we are told that, when a mere lad, Tyndall took up Carlyle's "Past and Present," and, having read it through three times, ended by making a written analysis of the chapters. In this quick accessibility to spiritual influences is to be found the secret of Tyndall's wide distinction from the general mass, and of his special qualifications for bringing the scientific and other intellectual worlds into *rapport* which explain his influence upon both. Much the same may be said of his distinguished friend Huxley, whose massive cogency, like Tyndall's elegant lucidity, would have been comparatively ineffective if it had not been inspired by a perception of the relations of the scientific truths he expounded to things more important than accurate physical knowledge. It is observable that when Professor Huxley had the option of selecting a biography to write, he did not choose a man of science, but a metaphysical philosopher—David Hume.

An admirer of Carlyle and Emerson—especially if, like Tyndall, he adds their master Goethe to the party—is

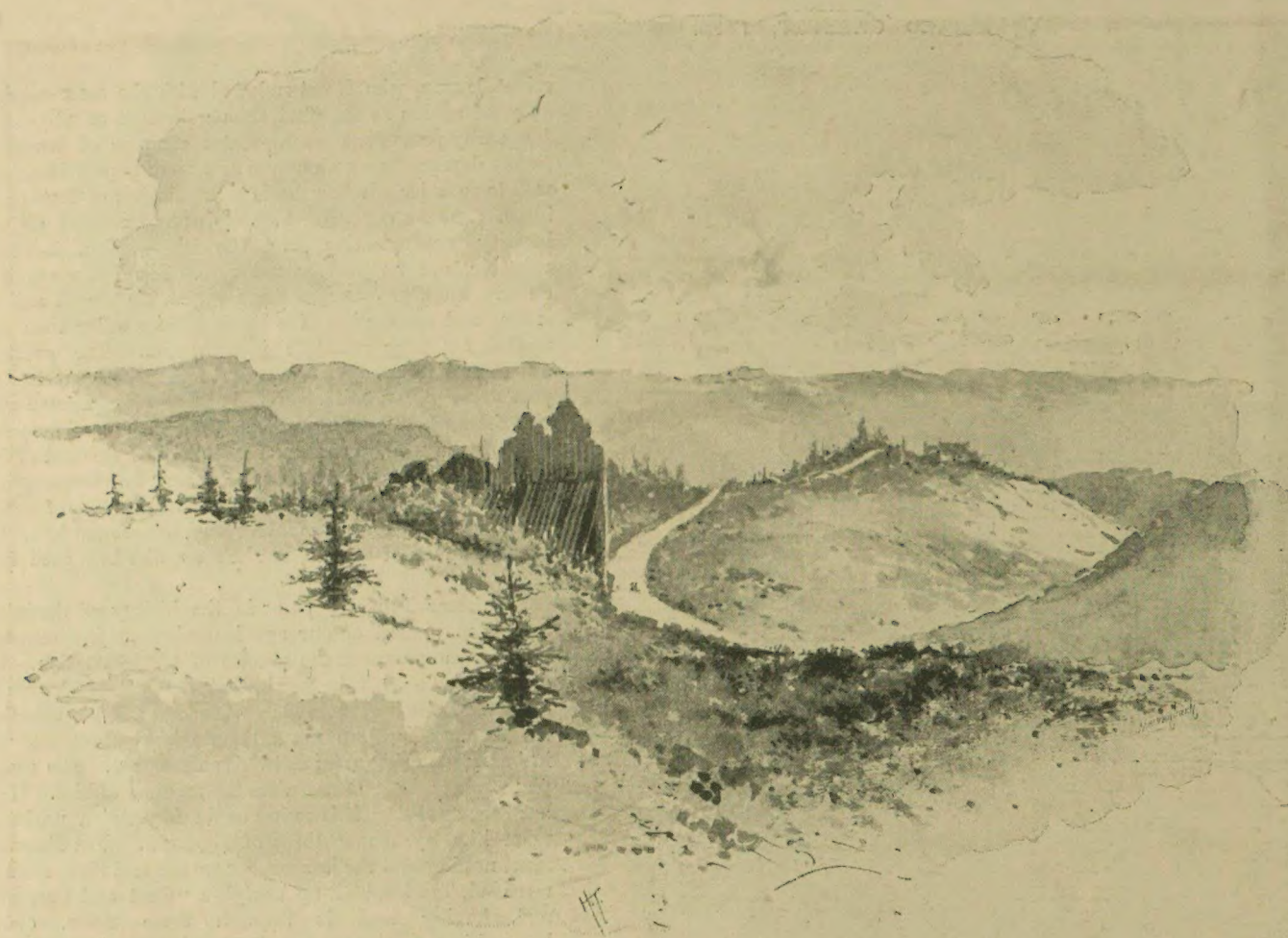


HATS, STAFF, AND INVERNESS CLOAK WORN BY PROFESSOR TYNDALL ON HIS LAST ALPINE EXPEDITION.





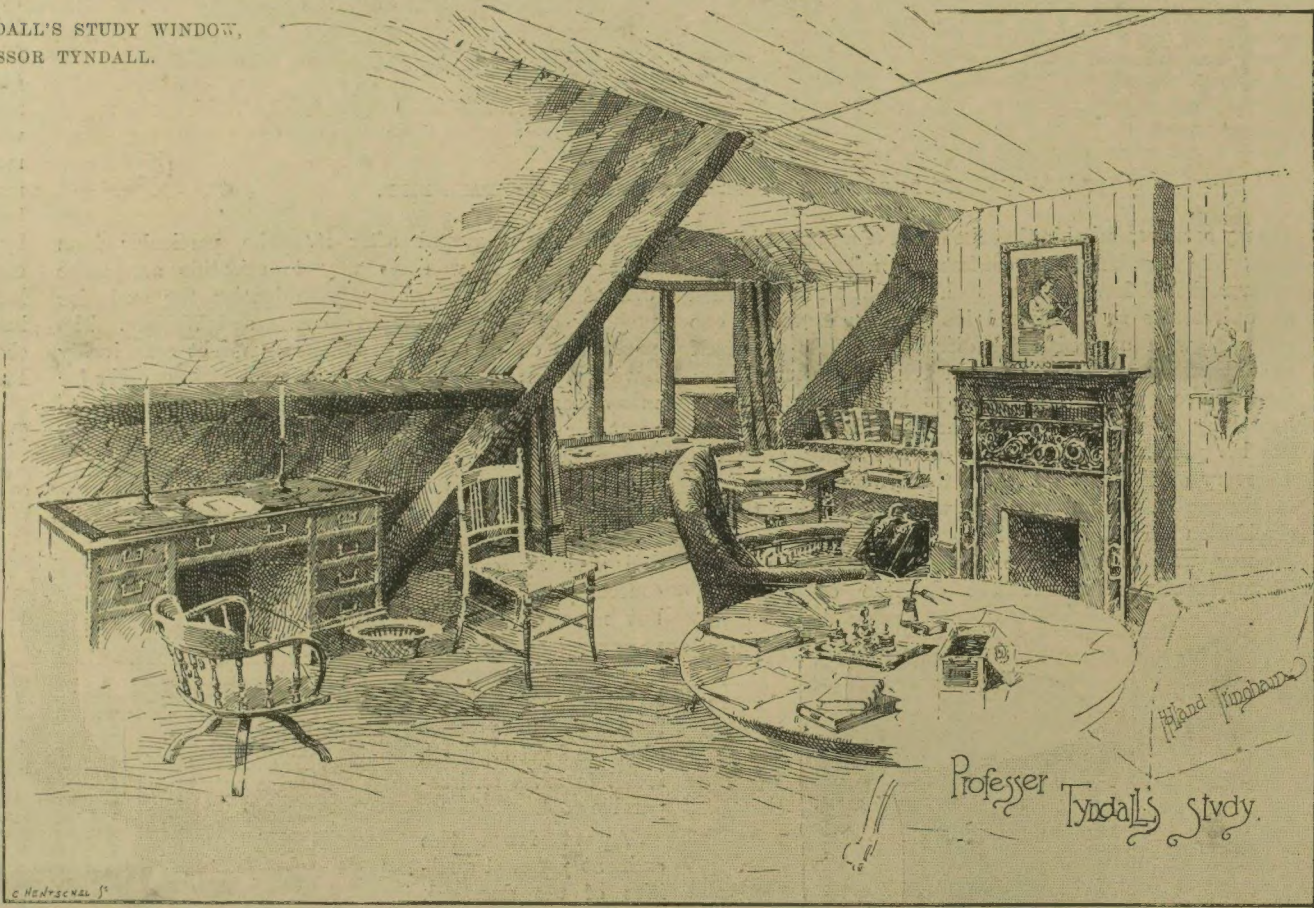
## THE LATE PROFESSOR TYNDALL.



VIEW TOWARDS HASLEMERE FROM PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S STUDY WINDOW,  
SHOWING THE SCREEN ERECTED BY PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

almost sure to be more or less of a poet. Without creative imagination, or the accomplishment of verse, Tyndall is full of poetry. The objects which attract him especially are those which most fascinate the imagination of poets, examples of special brilliancy or purity or subtlety in the material world. He loves the diamond, the crystal, the block of ice, the tints of seawater or morning and evening sky, the azure of the firmament above all. His sense of colour must have been exquisite; he is seldom long without some reference to it. Thus, poet and physicist at once, he was certain to make great use of the imagination, a faculty equally necessary and dangerous to scientific greatness. Without the power of combination a scientific explorer must be a mere amasser of facts, and combination requires imagination. The danger of the abuse of this divine faculty in exact investigation is still more palpable. Whether Tyndall abused it or not we cannot presume to pronounce. If he did it was a very dangerous abuse, for his power of statement is so great, and his talent for imperceptibly conducting his reader into his own conclusions so irresistible, that the general reader can hardly escape from him. In his arguments, however, there is no sophistry; if he has erred, his kindling imagination has first led away himself.

Professor Tyndall's personal character must



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be left to those intimately acquainted with him; but one characteristic is quite on the surface, and cannot be too warmly recommended to the imitation of men of science. The history of science is sadly defaced by little personal controversies about the priority of ideas, usually growing out of an indisposition to acknowledge merit in others. Tyndall was exactly the reverse. There is no trace of littleness of mind in any of his writings. He had his controversies, but they arose from diametrically opposite motives to those which usually prompt scientific disputes. Instead of labouring to vindicate his own claims, he was trying to obtain justice for foreign savants who had, as he conceived, been deprived of their due share of honour in Britain. It may be that he was wrong, and that in

striving to remedy an imaginary injustice he sometimes committed a real one. His motives were not the less noble and disinterested. Disinterestedness was almost the most striking feature in his character: it had marked his devotion to science from the first; it characterised his deportment among the honours and rewards that ultimately came to him. He sacrificed valuable appointments when he could no longer hold them with dignity; he handed over the proceeds of his American lecturing tour to the American public, as an endowment for scientific research.

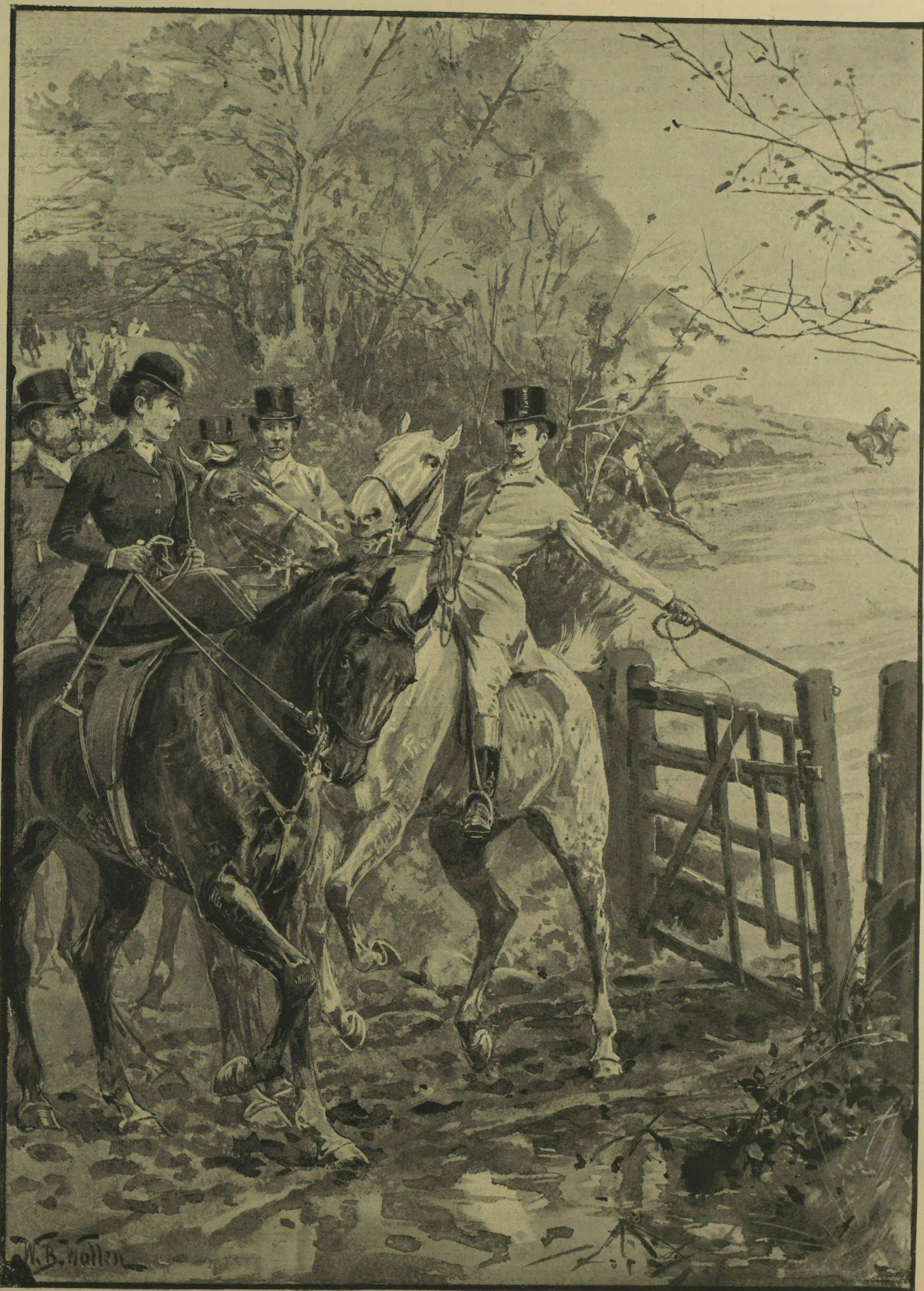
Mr. P. V. Smith, who is to be the new Chancellor of the Diocese of Manchester, is one of the most popular of London Churchmen. Although intimately associated with Evangelical work, he has always shown a most friendly and tolerant spirit towards the good work of others. In this respect he is quite in sympathy with the Bishop of Manchester himself. There is another bond of union between them in their friendliness towards Dissent. Mr. P. V. Smith was a prominent member of the Reunion Conference at Lucerne this year, but his interest in the subject is not of recent growth. The new Chancellor was born in 1845, and was educated at Eton, whence he passed by a natural transition to King's College, Cambridge. He was Senior Classic

in 1866, when another Smith was second, and thirty-seventh Wrangler when Mr. James Stuart, M.P., was bracketed third. There is no more genial layman and no harder worker in the Church's cause than the new Chancellor of Manchester. He must, however, be distinguished from another Mr. Vernon Smith, better known at the Bar than in the Church.

A serious riot occurred in the Commune of Gianduallo, Sicily, on Dec. 10, when the townhall was stormed. A conflict ensued between the mob and troops, in which eight of the former were killed and many wounded. After a time the soldiers retired, whereupon the mob returned to the townhall, seized the town clerk and his wife, whom they killed, and, cutting off their heads, carried them away on pikes.

The Mersey shipbuilding trade, with the exception of Government ships built by Messrs. Laird at Birkenhead, shows a great diminution this year. It is remarked that, last year, the aggregate tonnage of vessels launched in the Mersey was 39,330 tons; whereas this year it is only 8671 tons. In 1891 it was 23,736 tons; in 1890, 30,577 tons; in 1889, 35,773 tons; in 1888, 22,538 tons; and in 1887, 10,664 tons. The results of 1893 are peculiarly unfortunate.





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London:



# YOUNG SAM AND SABINA

By WALTER RAYMOND



folk that don't see each other from year's-end to year's-end. An' I shall never think so much o' cousin John Priddle another—but there, let's have our bit o' burd an' cheese, for Sam'll be here in a minute no doubt." And so Mrs. Grinter bustled from the porch into the house to see to the supper.

It was getting dark, and presently the farmer knocked the ashes from his long clay pipe and followed.

They had finished their frugal meal and were ready to go upstairs when, at last, young Sam came in.

The unhappy complications of the last few days had produced a change in his demeanour just as a cloud will alter the

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE QUARREL.

By this storm the milk of human kindness in Middeney was turned completely sour. For such was the complexity of social life in those days, even in that isolated place, that neutrality was quite impossible. To be friendly with Christopher was to give offence at the Church Farm; and even Sabina's virtues went into mourning after the death of the little donkey.

That Sabina might have a cold hand for butter-making Mrs. Grinter did not deny. "But Massy upon us! other innaids mid have a cold han' I do suppose." That Sabina was hardworking could not be gainsaid. "But lauk! other folk have a-got to work hard enough I should think."

Mrs. Grinter spent hours in her rush-bottomed chair, reflecting, philosophising, moralising, and regarding everybody and everything with a breadth and variety of vision which were quite remarkable. Every day brought to light some new enormity, upon which in the evening Mrs. Grinter sat in judgment.

"There's that young Ashford a-gone on again to-night. I should think his pony could find the way to Middeney blindfold by this time. One would a-supposed that he'd have a-stopped to Church Farm if only to pass the time o' day. But, of cou'se, 'tes only for snipe-shooten' he do want to see Sam—"

"Don't let 'un come here. We don't want 'un to Church Varm," interposed the farmer.

"An' really, the way he do hang about Christopher's house is downright ondacent, wi' no staid body about, an' Christopher wi' all the ferret ways o' 'un, simly so blind as a bat. But you can't reason wi' love, nor say so much as a word to Sam. Though Sabina do giggle too much for my mind, an' always did. Where there's nothen' but smiles there can't be sense. Though that's what's most a-wanted in a 'oman after all—"

"Don't let's hear no more about Sabina. I won't have Zam to think no more about Sabina. Where is Zam to-night?" roared old Grinter.

"He can't be to Christopher's, for certain, for Christopher do bide at home of a night now—"

"To Christopher's! Don't let Zam ever so much as put voot into Christopher's—"

"For he've a-quarrelled, so 'tes thought, wi' Sophia Sharman. Though nobody don't know the rights o' it. An' I did just look in 'pon Sophia this a'ternoon, but never a word'd she let out. But where there's so much secrecy there must be a somethen', for you can't be so silent as all that about nothen'. An' she've a-asked cousin John Priddle to do her business for—"

"What? Asked cousin John Priddle! Idden there anybody in her own parish then? She must think herself poor in neighbours to run off to once to cousin John Priddle. I suppose Christopher have a-robbed her an' now she've a-found it out. But there, don't go near her no more, if she do include we wi' Christopher. Don't have no more to do wi' Sophia, if that's her thought about Zam Grinter o' Church Varm."

"An' I've always a-spared her anything she've a-needed, too. But I sha'n't feel the same, nor stop to chatty now when we do meet. An' I won't zend to beg o' her for no more herb-tea, not ef I be so drawed-up as a dog's hind-lag with pain. For actions do speak louder than words, an' she might ha' passed the compliment, for neighbours be neighbours a'ter all, though do really sim that they do quarrel nowadays more than



Then she walked down to the river, and slowly along the tow-path.



aspect of a landscape. The open-air frankness of his disposition was hidden beneath a heavy gloom, and he took his seat upon the settle without a word of explanation.

"Did 'ee see young Ashford, Sam?" sharply asked his mother.

"No," was his short reply.

"Tidden much odds about he," interposed the farmer.

"I ha'n't a-heard his wheels go on," said Mrs. Grinter.

"Don't 'ee wait," said Sam. "I'll put everything away an' dout the candle in a minute."

Left alone, he sat listening awhile, and then went to the front door. It was one of those summer nights in which the stars look pale and darkness only lurks in corners where even the day is dull. He walked to the baron gate. Upon the moor he could dimly distinguish the white road between the gloom of the pollard willows on either side. He was sure that Ashford had not returned, and the certainty that he must be with Sabina filled his heart with angry passion such as it had never before experienced. He went slowly along the causeway by the church wall, crossed the road, and stood by the entrance to the home-field. There was still a light in the lower window of Christopher's homestead, proving clearly to Sam's mind the presence of a lingering guest. He had not seen Sabina that evening, and it was probable that Christopher had told his daughter that he was not to come to the house. That was the natural consequence of this all-embracing quarrel. But she might have come out had she wished. Had her love, he told himself, possessed but half the impulse of his own, she must have gone to the old cottage, with the certainty that he would have come. There is an intuition about true love, too keen to need the formality of invitation and previous arrangement; and Sabina must know well enough that she had only to show herself in the village, on the moor, or anywhere, and he would be by her side. An unutterable despondency clung around his heart, telling him that Sabina did not love him. There was no procrastination, no evasion, no "not yet" about love as he felt it. But although Sabina was often compliant enough, passion had never carried her into any admission. Everything ended in levity and laughter with her.

He entered the home-field and walked across the grass towards that corner of the house where shone the window. He stood there by the wall, beyond which the gloomy yew-tree towers high and dark, but from no definite intention of prying; only because his passion for Sabina impelled him to the place, with all the restless longing of love-sickness.

Presently Christopher came out, swinging a lantern as he hurried across the yard to the stable, doubtless on his way to fetch his visitor's pony.

Never before had Sam harboured malice against any human creature; and now, whence it came, or why, he knew not, but within his heart surged a tempestuous anger as the thought flashed across him that Sabina was alone with Ashford. The idea was unbearable to him. The admiration openly expressed on the moor and manifested unconsciously that evening by the river came vividly to his recollection. It stood out in exaggerated colour, for, to Sam's straightforward simplicity, to be aware of a girl's presence was a great step towards being in love with her. He could scarcely stand there in silence. He clenched his teeth in a fever of excitement and jealousy.

Then suddenly Sabina ran out from the door with interjected utterances of refusal intermixed with laughter. He could distinguish her white frock, and that Ashford, laughing also, was holding her.

"You sha'n't. I'll holler."

"I am quite sure you will not," softly whispered Ashford.

A whirl of frenzied thoughts chased each other through Sam's brain. He would intercept Ashford in the road, and shake the life out of him. There was no depth of indignation in Sabina's refusal, and he would cast her from his heart for ever. He would leap the wall, and pour his wrath and scorn upon them both—

"No! Steady, little ho'se. Woa, ho'se."

At the approaching sound of Christopher's voice, Ashford released Sabina, and Sam drew closer into the shadow.

"Ride down to the gate with me," pleaded Ashford.

"I won't."

The refusal was decisive, and there was no time for repetition of the request. It allayed Sam's anger, even though he recognised the spirit of waywardness which had so often destroyed his own peace of mind. But now her father had come, and Ashford was forced to depart.

"Good night," she said, and shook hands with ceremonious politeness. Then she turned back towards the house.

In reality she waited in the garden, behind a little iron entrance gate, where, as a masterpiece of ornamentation, honeysuckles and clematis had been trained on a rough trellis to form an arch over the path. Beneath the mass of foliage and fragrant flowers Sabina was quite hidden.

"Here! Sabina! 'll ride down wi' 'ee again. Why, where's the maid to? Here, Sabina! S'bina!"

She did not answer her father's call. No doubt it amused Sabina to stand within arm's-length, and hear him raise his voice.

"The maid's a-gone, I reckon," he reflected, laying his lantern on the grass. "There, I'll just hop up myself." Then as the cart drew dim in the gloom Sabina came to the gate and laughed.

"La! Sam, how you do gally anybody!"

In finding her thus unexpectedly alone Sam had sprung forward with startling suddenness.

The girl's refusal to drive down to the gate softened his jealousy, and love regained its ascendancy.

"Why, Sabina, you ha'n't a-bin out to see me once."

She accepted the reproof, and in her reply was quite an unexpected note of tender remonstrance and affection.

"How could I, Sam? Why, ever since the bother, father have a-bin so crabbed and surly as anything. He've a-dared me ever to speak to 'ee again. An' he's always at home now. If he knew you were here, there'd be a fine row. Go roun'

to the milk-house door afore he do come back, an' I'll come out."

Sam hurried round to the north side of the house, and found Sabina waiting where the roof slants down so low that an upraised hand can easily touch the leaves.

"I can't never think," said the girl lightly, "whatever's a-come to the parish. Why, one'd really suppose that folk mus' be all a-witched or something. Here's father have a-falled out wi' Sophia Sharman, sim-zo. An' we mus'n't speak to nobody at Church Farm. Why, we sha'n't be able to ope' our mouths to a single soul by this time next week, if things don't alter. Really if Mr. Ashford didn't come—"

"I can't think why you be so much a-tookt up wi' he!" interrupted Sam, and the old anger crept back into his heart, making his manner sound harsh and aggressive.

"I don't dislike 'un so very much," replied Sabina sharply; and that in Somersetshire is oftentimes a form of high praise.

"So do look! To zee how you do go on wi' 'un."

"I go on wi' 'un! Sure, then, that is something!"

"You were up in the piece o' wheat together; an' you bide an' watched un' with all your eyes."

"I looked over hedge to see 'un let off his gun."

"Well, then, I won't have 'ee look over hedge at 'un."

"Heart alive! That is something, then! Well, 'pon my word, then, Sam, if I've a-walked wi' 'ee, I ha'n't a-promised 'ee, nor said I 'ood—not 'eet. I can do as I be a-minded for a bit, I suppose."

"If you do talk to he so much you won't walk wi' I then."

"Sure! I can walk wi' myself—and much pleasanter too when volk be so bad-tempered."

"Ah! he've a-turned your head wi' his fine talk an' that. He've a-made 'ee so stuck-up as hisself—"

"I'll never speak to 'ee again, Sam! Never!" passionately interrupted the girl, and she turned with her hand upon the latch of the milk-house door.

"Then, if that's your mind—so 'tes!" cried Sam.

Was this the expression of Sabina's determination? She hesitated. It is the deadliest insult to accuse a person of the Somersetshire yeoman blood of social aspiration. There is pride enough, God knows! in every heart; but no snobbery in that sturdy race. The words "stuck up" had pierced Sabina to the inmost soul, and rankled there, perhaps from her consciousness that Ashford's admiration had warmed her heart with an unholy pleasure. Yet she lingered a moment, and did not lift the latch.

"An' when he've a-made a fool o' 'ee, and got tired o' your company, an' you do come to zee what his pride do really think 'o' 'ee, in the heart o' 'un—then, mayhap—"

"Sabina! S'bina!" piped Christopher's shrill voice from within.

She softly and noiselessly opened the door, fearful of the slightest sound, and without a word carefully closed it behind her.

She was in a tumult of conflicting feelings, but had no time to think; and quickly slipping off her shoes, she ascended the warped elm staircase into the cheese-room, and by a passage reached the front of the house.

"I be gone on, rather," she cried. "Did you call?"

"All right, maid," returned Christopher.

She hastened to her room and peered from the little square window close under the thatch, looking out upon the home-field and away across the moor.

Loth to leave, and in his heart hoping that she might return, Sam had loitered, and she could distinguish him now standing beyond the garden wall. She knew he was waiting to see the light in her window, but that night, by the chance of circumstances, she was in darkness. The reality of his love, the fidelity which was above all doubt, even the habit of regarding him as a lover, all filled her with a longing to open the window and speak to him. In comparison with these, the other man was but a phantasy and a dream, and her trifling no deeper than caprice. But she did not. Her native pride, forbidding any such concession, overcame the impulse, and presently she saw Sam turn away and fade into the gloom.

Then her resentment returned with tenfold force. Why had he gone so soon? In another minute she would have spoken—at least, she thought so—and his departure magnified itself into a desertion. And it was final. No; he would never come back, and she—

How could Sam dare to say that Ashford was fooling her? He could have no knowledge whether Ashford loved her. The mere suggestion that love so passionately uttered was not serious seemed an insult to her sex. Not that she wanted this stranger's love, or had ever thought of it until he spoke to her the other night in the wheatfield and in the pony-cart. And Sam was gone.

Carried away by a whirl of conflicting emotions, she threw herself upon the bed and sobbed as if her heart would break.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### CHRISTOPHER'S CONFESSION.

So the unanimity of Middeney was shivered to atoms, and when the people came out of church they no longer stood by the yew-tree or the lich-gate to exchange their simple confidences, nor walked along the causeway in friendly conversation, but dispersed with an independence and personal dignity worthy of a loftier civilisation. They affected not to notice each other, yet it was universally observed that young Sam passed Sabina, and Christopher bestowed upon the widow only a hesitating nod. But when the others had passed on, he stood in the road and watched her. She went so slowly and did not once turn her head. It was the first Sunday in all these years (except when the earth was frost-bound and the flowers dead) that she had appeared in church without a posy. Christopher was not sentimental, but he thought of that also.

He raised his hat with his right hand and stroked his bald crown with his left. Christopher was in a terrible quondorum, sure enough, and did not know what to decide. With all his

cleverness and fertility of resource he began to find himself so thick-headed as a dumbledary.

"You zee," he reflected aloud to himself. "I've a-desaived the poor soul; an' I've a-tookt her money. An' now that she've a-found it all out, perhaps I ought to zend back the money. I don't know but what I did. An' 'eet there's the dree half-crowns I drowed back upon thik cow. I didn' ought to lost dree half-crowns—"

And so, like a true moralist, he fairly weighed the matter as between himself and Sophia, and thought of sending her a letter. Yet an explanation concerning three half-crowns must of necessity be long. It was conceivable that cousin John Priddle might be called in to help decipher it, and there would be a pretty kettle of fish. He was confident that Sophia would never breathe a word to any human being. She had learnt reticence in the school of adversity. But years of close observation of men and manners had taught Christopher that you must not expect discretion of a ginger-headed man; and although cousin John Priddle was not by nature talkative, he never failed to tell all he knew.

After much meditation, therefore, Christopher went home to fetch the money, and then proceeded towards the cottage.

It had been lately whitewashed, and glared in the afternoon sun. But the jessamine beside the porch looked cool, and scented honey sweet; and the red rose between the lower windows was covered with full-blown flowers. There are days towards the end of summer when Nature seems to sleep in the sun—when leaves are still and birds are silent, and the only sound is the drowsy humming of the drone. So it was that Sunday afternoon.

Christopher did not, as formerly, enter uninvited, and his knock sounded unnatural in a place where the most unexpected neighbour was wont to walk in and announced himself by asking, "Is anybody in house?"

Sophia had taken off her bonnet and was sitting down to rest. She rose and hastened to the door. The eager look in her eyes vanished when she saw Christopher, but his quick glance had detected it. He knew its meaning, and the long-deferred hope which summoned it. The old spirit of expectation still lived, but to-day it raised a doubt in his mind, and made him wary.

"Sophia."

"Will you please to walk in, Mr. Chiselett?"

Her homely breeding admitted of no less, but the tone was not cordial. He followed her into the kitchen, and she sat nursing the bonnet on her lap, holding it by the string. She was waiting for him to speak.

"I wer' fo'ced to come down, Sophia. For I've a-got something to tell 'ee—something I ought to make right. You'll call to mind how I tried to persuade 'ee not to zend the money. But you wer' bent upon it, an' nothen' 'd turn 'ee from it. But I couldn' a-bear to zee 'ee a-robbing o' yourself, an' zo I never zend the letters, but I paid 'ee back the money 'pon the deals. I could make it all clear to your memory for every penny, Sophia. First there wer' the little sparked heifer, I gi'ed a sovereign an' a crown piece more'n I told 'ee—an' well wo'th the money too—an' the two calves last May twelvemonth; an' next there come the zebem little pigs, I—"

"Then you never zend none o' the letters! nor never a word from that day to this?" she cried. "Why, if you've a-paid me back; you've a-robbed another; an' what good can it ever do to a lone body like myself, wi'out so much as a friend in the world? I can never forgie 'ee, Christopher Chiselett; an' he mid be in want an' in wonder why there wer' never a word. An' if I hadn'a-vound 'ee out, though how I sha'n't tell 'ee, belike you'd a-gone on to Doomsday an' I none the wiser an' he none the better off."

Christopher, his eyes fixed upon the stone floor, listened in silence until the end. Then he glanced narrowly at the widow. She was not looking at him, but her cheeks were flushed with indignation, although her eyes were dry. Her words had been a revelation to him, for he had never dreamt that she had discovered about the money. Even now that seemed almost impossible, as his mind pictured the lonely hollow and the fluttering fragments of paper by the roadside. Perhaps someone had pieced them together, or read and repeated some detached words.

For Christopher had practised a deeper subtlety upon the widow, which in the ambiguity of her lamentation he had believed discovered.

"Perhaps I wer' wrong, Sophia," he said; "but I acted for the best."

"You do think so much of money, Christopher Chiselett, that you must needs take care o' other people's," she retorted, angrily. "I ben't a chile at my years, that you should take things out o' my own hands, an' put me off wi' falsehoods. If you be stingy wi' your own, you needn't be stingy wi' other people's. I shall never forget it to my dying day—that you've a-said one thing an' done another. You've a-bin a false friend, an' words 'll never alter that. An' now there's never a soul to speak to, for I shall never tell another. I shall never trust to words no more."

He struggled against a rising inclination to tell her all. Then, although she might still blame him, she would understand. But he could not. His courage faltered, and the words would not come. As a last resource, he took the coins from his pocket and began to slowly count them, although their correctness was evident at a glance.

"There were dree half-crowns I drowed back 'pon the old cow that I never tookt out. An' there's the rest, four poun' an' the oddses. You'll vind it right, an' that do square it up," he explained sadly, rising and placing the money with respectful neatness on the dresser.

She took no notice, and indeed, the little pile remained there many a day.

Christopher turned to depart, and when halfway across the kitchen he stopped.

The business aspect of things was never far remote from his mind.



"I shouldn't make no change, Sophia, if I were you," he said anxiously; "but if you did make up your mind to sell the little place I'd give 'ee a better price than anybody. I could, you zee, for do lie close-handy for me"—he waited, as if hoping that she might promise this, but she remained silent—"But you'd be no better elsewhere, an' you'd never find 'un—never in this world! He's gone —"

Again Christopher paused a moment.

"I've a-made inquiries, Sophia—an' he's gone to sea."

But Sophia only shook her head. She did not believe in Christopher any longer.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### THE DUSK O' NIGHT.

The quarrel between young Sam and Sabina, which might easily have passed as a mere lovers' tiff, was destined to assume greater proportions and a deeper intensity. A few evenings later Sabina stood by the gate, after the custom of villagers in times of peace, when, work being done, they cluster in the shade to chat or exchange confidences across the road. Occasionally a traveller from some adjacent parish may drive past, and that gives excitement and lends the charm of uncertainty to the pastime. But to-night the population did not pour into the street, and Sabina stood in solitude.

In her heart was a panting anxiety that Sam might come.

tell. Thus she comforted her heart with scorn, but at the same time wished she had not come.

The perceptions of Middeney are so remarkably acute, its deductions so rapid and unassailable, that Sabina knew the parish would watch and interpret her every movement. Her imagination pictured Mrs. Grinter peeping over the barton gate. She even fancied that Sam might see her and grimly laugh.

She took the chain and dragged the boat through the rushes to the bank. She had no desire to row, but only to be out of sight; and she clambered down, stepped on board, and seated herself looking towards the river.

The evening was extremely still. There was no wind, and the summer river, in places paved with the flat leaves of the water-lily, had neither a ripple nor a sigh. The only sound to break the silence was the occasional rising of a dace, or when a swallow, darting by, dipped the water in his flight.

By contrast, or because it afforded no distraction, this serenity only intensified her unrest. It was all Sam's fault. She would have promised him long ago if he had only had sense enough not to be so serious. Yet he loved her. Nobody would ever love her like Sam. Then Sabina knew that a terrible calamity had fallen upon her life.

A sound very slight and regular fell upon her ear, and presently she detected the plash of oars in the distance. Parties sometimes rowed from Langport in the cool of the

It occurred to her that by accepting his suggestion she might avoid walking back by the tow-path, and, escaping observation, should enter the village from the other side.

But still she hesitated.

"Ah! I do know you too well, Mr. Ashford."

"You may bind me with oaths, Sabina. I give you my word I will not interfere with you in any way."

She glanced longingly at the elegant little pleasure boat, so light and painted blue, with a crimson cushion on the seat. Such luxury certainly possessed the fascination of novelty, and it was unlikely that anyone would see.

"An' you'll let me out so soon as I be a-minded."

"Upon the expression of the slightest wish, Sabina, you shall disembark."

After all there was a sort of drollery about the man, and when their eyes met they could not keep from laughing.

"'Pon your word?"

"Upon my word and honour! One moment; I'll bring her against the bank by the corner. That'll be easier. That's it."

A minute later they were mid-river, and he was pulling very leisurely against the stream. He took a couple of strokes and rested on his oars. The little cockle-shell went gliding on under the soft shadow of the willow-trees, and Sabina's agitation was left behind. Perhaps company had driven away her gloomy thoughts; perhaps she drank unconsciously the



*At the sound of oars the figure slowly rose.*

In the extreme simplicity of their love she had not learned until this separation how necessary his presence had become to her. Perhaps she did not know it even now, for beneath her solitude still burned an angry resentment whenever she recalled his insult of the other night; only she thought of that at rare intervals, while she stood looking towards the Church Farm all the time. Once Mrs. Grinter popped down to the barton gate, but popped back again with all the alacrity of a frightened rabbit.

Farmer Grinter had begun harvest, so her father said, and perhaps Sam was working later than usual that night. But she heard the reapers pass singing down the village, and knew that he must be free.

Then she walked down to the river and slowly along the tow-path high above the moor and well in view. He could not fail to see her, she was sure, and this was her offer of reconciliation. She waited by the inlet, where the fishing-boat was still moored, and looked back towards the village. She felt certain he must come. Or if he would only walk down to the old cottage she would meet him there. And so she watched with a full confidence in the irresistible attraction of their love.

But no one came in sight. Middeney clock was striking—an hour later than the time at which they used to meet, and Sam had made no sign. She no longer expected him. And her first feeling of disappointment was followed by a pang of wounded pride that Sam should have been able thus to reject her advances. Not that she wanted him, sure! He was welcome to be as surly as he liked for all her. An' really, if he were so masterful now, when she hadn't even a-promised him, what he'd be like in years to come was more than Sabina could

day; but Sabina could hear no voices, although she listened attentively. Hoping to escape observation, she caught hold of the rushes and dragged her boat further into the creek.

Quite close to her the rowing ceased.

Sabina was inquisitively craning her neck to peep, when suddenly a light skiff was thrust swiftly into the nook. It bumped against the fishing boat, and scraped the side with a grating sound. The single occupant turned his head and laughed as he ran alongside Sabina.

Their meeting was the merest accident in the world, but instantly there flashed across the girl's mind a fear, lest any one of Middeney might find her thus alone with Ashford. If Sam, hindered by the harvesting, should come after all! It must appear too apt and too secret to have fallen thus by chance. Neither denial nor explanation could serve her turn, and reconciliation would be for ever impossible.

Ashford gaily held out his hand.

"You observe, Sabina," he laughed, "the unerring instinct which has brought me to you as straight—as this winding river."

"I was just going on."

"But now you will change your mind. Come in with me. I'll fit up the rudder, and you shall steer. You shall direct our destiny, Sabina."

"No!"

She flatly refused. That unreality of manner always seemed to mark a social difference, and awakened her distrust.

Perhaps he recognised this, for his repetition of the invitation was quite natural and unaffected.

"You will not be losing time, Sabina. I'll row you up to the wooden bridge and there you will be nearer home."

poetic beauty of the surroundings, or was lulled into forgetfulness by the smooth movement of the boat; but now she felt no insecurity. Her face glowed with animation and sparkled with delight. She paddled with her hand in the clear, cool water, with the simplicity of a child.

"This is an unexpected piece of fortune, Sabina," he said.

"I hoped to see you, of course. I meant to walk across to the farm to inquire about the reaping."

"If do hold fine they'll go into the wheat to-morrow, an' father do lot to get it all down a-Thursday."

"I am coming then. But how strange to find you like this, Sabina! Just where I meant to tie the boat. I did not see a soul all the way from Langport. I believe we might row up and down here until Doomsday without meeting anything but the barges. Do you sit there always of an evening?"

"Not very likely."

"But you might come down earlier, and we could spend hours together. I shall row down the river every night. I believe you have bewitched me, Sabina. I can think of nothing but you."

"But you've a-stopped rowing. We shall never get up to bridge by dark."

He gave one vigorous pull, and resumed in a low voice scarcely above a whisper.

"I am going back in about a month, so you must not be cruel. You would neither give me a kiss the other night nor say good-bye. But I shall commit no more robbery. I shall wait for a free gift next time."

"Next-never-come time."

"It will soon come. You will be softened, Sabina, by my



self-restraint. "Then you will have complete confidence in me; then you will recognise that such patient fidelity must not be allowed to pass without reward, and then—"

"I don't listen to it all."

It would have been more truthful to say that she thought it all great nonsense.

"You cannot help listening to every word on a beautiful still night like this. There is nothing else to hear. Not a breath of wind; not a sound, except the gurgle of water under the boat; and that keeps on saying, 'He came miles to see Sabina, and will row back in the dark, thinking of her all the way.'"

"Why, the moon's up a'ready, afore the daylight's gone," laughed the girl; "I can see his face there in the water," pointing before her. "'T'll be so light as day."

He looked up into the darkening sky, at the pale moon, and peeping beside it one bright star. A solitary heron, on its broad

wings, was flying steadily to its home in some dim wood beyond the hills. The charm, the beauty, the mystery of it all fell upon him like a fascination. The romance mounted into his brain, and loosened his tongue like wine.

"I shall come every evening. There is a nook below the withy-bed quite out of sight—"

"So as nobody should see 'ee?" she interposed quickly.

The taunt stung him into protestation.

"No. Only because I want you quite to myself. Why should I care about being seen? I only care about being loved. If I were sure of you, Sabina, I would snap my fingers at everybody else in the world. I would not listen to anybody. Come down the path to-morrow and you will find me there, for I cannot stay away from you. I love you better than anything—better than—"

"Hush!"

Through the deepening twilight the girl perceived before them on the river-bank a stooping figure. It stood beneath the level of the tow-path and appeared to be bending low as if to keep out of sight. Her first feeling was fear that Sam might be watching them; then indignation at the idea of such a thing. In anger he left her, of his own accord, and had taken no steps to make up the quarrel. A glow of exultation quickly replaced her doubts. If there were but one man and one maid in Middlesney, he would see that she was not entirely dependent on her native parish for attentions. Besides, Sam could not now suppose she had come out to meet him and been left to disappointment. It would appear that she walked to the river, expecting Ashford.

Ashford glanced over his shoulder and continued to row.

At the sound of oars the figure slowly rose. A woman's head and shoulders appeared above the dark line of the tow-path. Then she raised a hand to her brow as if to concentrate attention upon a difficult observation. But not until the boat came quite close was mutual recognition possible.

"Sabina!"

"Mrs. Sharman!"

The widow remained narrowly watching them out of sight, and then bent down again. She was picking fancy, for Sophia held the opinion that herbs yielded a richer virtue when gathered under a growing moon, just at the damps o' night, in the fresh fragrance of the falling dew.

A few minutes later the boat reached the bridge.

A white mist was rising from the river, and the air suddenly grew cold. The scrutiny of Sophia, and a touch of surprise in the tone of her recognition, had also chilled the conversation. Ashford held the boat while Sabina stepped upon the bank.

"And you'll come to-morrow evening?"

Sabina was not so sure of that. She would not promise, and with a brief "Good-night," hastened towards the village.

He watched her fade into the darkness, and then pushed out into the stream. Everything was becoming indistinct, and the boat struck one of the piles as he passed beneath the bridge. The bubble of his romance was broken; his sentimental visions vanished; and in a moment he came back to sane reality.

He had really made love to the girl! What a fool he was!

Then he rowed back to Langport.

(To be continued.)

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I believe there exists a society—there may be half-a-dozen societies of the kind for aught I know—for the Suppression of Tobacco-Smoking. I seldom, or ever, hear of its existence, though now and then one stumbles across a paragraph announcing that some meeting or other has been held at which the nefariousness of consuming the fragrant weed has been soundly denounced. When I read of such denunciations I always think of an expression of my late friend Wilkie Collins, who said that when he read of any condemnation of tobacco he always returned to his cigar with renewed zest and satisfaction. The anti-tobacco league enjoys nothing like the support which is given to teetotal organisations and to anti-alcoholic movements.

account of certain researches on the disinfectant and disease-destroying or germicidal properties of the "weed." Various investigations from time to time have shown that tobacco possesses such properties in a high degree, but recent experiments are especially interesting, I think, in view of their exact character. Thus, bits of linen were first soaked in cultures of the cholera-germ. These linen fragments were rolled up in tobacco of different kinds and the leaf made into cigars. Examined at the end of twenty-four hours very few bacilli were found on the linen, but none at all on the tobacco. Clearly the leaf is not a growing ground for bacilli. Even on dry, sterilised tobacco-leaves, bacilli with which the leaves had been inoculated disappeared in from one to three hours. When the tobacco-leaves were moist and unsterilised, the germs disappeared in from one to three days, and on moist and sterile leaves in from two to four days. In a five-per-cent. tobacco solution the germs lived for thirty-three days, but in a stronger solution they died in twenty-four hours.

More interesting is it to find that tobacco-smoke seems to be a very powerful disinfectant, since, in varying solutions, the germs died in five minutes when exposed to the smoke. Other experiments seem to show that after exposure to the smoke, in only three cases (various kinds of microbes being experimented upon) were cholera bacilli found alive after half an hour's exposure to the fumes. So, also, workers in tobacco-factories have always been held to show a striking immunity from infection. The influenza, it is stated, passed by the tobacco-workers in Rome and Genoa in 1889; and in Genoa, out of 12,000 workers not one was attacked at a time when this epidemic was of a severe and widespread character. Altogether, the case for tobacco from the sanitary side is very strong, although I take it that devotees of the pipe do not stand in need of any hygienic arguments by way of establishing them in their fondness for the weed.

A correspondent asks for some information respecting what he calls a new mode of medical treatment by "animal extracts." I suppose he means the method originally advocated by Brown-Séquard, in which various animal tissues or their extracts have been used by injection into the skin-surface in the treatment of diseases, and, *mirabile dictu*, even for the abolition of old age itself. I duly described in this column, some months ago, the recognised treatment of the disease known as myxœdema by means of extract of the thyroid gland, and I may refer my correspondent to what I then said on that topic for

full details concerning this mode of practice. As it is, the "animal extract" notion is, I think, being much overdone, especially on the American side. Its leading idea is that the active principles of the brain, heart, &c., of animals may be used to affect the brain and heart of man in cases of disease or irregularity of action. But, as far as I am aware, the practice has not yet invaded British medicine, nor, from all I am able to gather, is it ever likely to find general favour as a means of treatment on this side of the Atlantic.

The habit of yawning is not generally regarded from any point of view other than that it represents a symptom of weariness which well-mannered folks, for the most part vainly, endeavour to repress. It may be news to many of us to learn that yawning has a distinct use in clearing the ear-tubes, and in providing us with certain natural gymnastic exercises for the lungs. A certain German physician says that patients with sore throat, earache, and other trivial troubles benefit exceedingly from yawning, and from swallowing just after.



"PRITHEE, GENTLE PIEMAN, LET ME TASTE YOUR WARES."

Tobacco doesn't make a beast of anybody; it only makes you very sick at first, and afterwards you become a much more companionable animal when you set pipe or cigar agoing, and sit down to discuss the affairs of the universe. I observed lately that two police magistrates, comparing notes, agreed that they never heard of any crime being concocted over a pipe. This sounds strange, and I confess I am sceptical about the soundness of the conclusion that to consume tobacco is incompatible with hatching plots against property or person. Be that as it may, there is a general consensus among men of all shades of opinion that there are few better things and very many worse than a pipe or cigar. Lord Salisbury, I have heard, hates the mere mention of tobacco, not to speak of smelling it; but these exceptions only prove the rule. I fancy Mr. Gladstone is not a smoker; if so, it is somewhat remarkable that our party leaders should know nothing of the felicity of "blowing a cloud." Clouds, in politics, are usually of another kind.

These remarks regarding the anti-tobacco leaguers and their ideas have been suggested by the perusal of an



## IN THE MARCHES.—No. V. LUDLOW.

Ludlow Castle is probably not surpassed in beauty and indications of mediæval splendour by any other similar building in this country. The gateway and buildings adjoining the keep, on the right as you enter, belong to later times; they were the work of Sir Henry Sidney, father of Sir Philip Sidney, while he was living at the castle as President of the Court of the Marches of Wales from 1559 to 1586. The massive nail-studded door of this gateway shows the marks of bullets fired by the Parliamentary forces in 1646, when the castle was surrendered to Sir William Brereton. The old custodian explained these marks as "some of Mr. Cromwell's work." He, the old custodian, also showed us the huge door-key, about nine inches long and thick in proportion. He told us the Grammar School boys once got possession of this key, loaded it as a toy cannon, and blew a bit out of its side.

After the Restoration the Earl of Carbery became President of the Court of the Marches, and lived in the castle; Samuel Butler was his secretary, and is said to have written part of his "Hudibras" in a room over this gateway. The most beautiful part of the ruins is the circular Norman chapel, the nave of the original chapel. The choir has entirely disappeared. This chapel is supposed to have been built at the beginning of the twelfth century, and was probably the earliest of the round churches in this country. The sculpture round the west doorway is exceedingly rich; the other loftier archway on the east side is also richly ornamented.

Not far from the chapel are the apartments to which Prince Arthur, the eldest son of Henry VII., took his bride, Katharine of Aragon, in 1501, and where he soon afterwards died. Adjoining is the Great Council Chamber or Banqueting Hall, where Milton's "Mask of Comus" was first performed in 1634; it is a finely proportioned hall; a flight of marble steps formerly led up to it. On the other side of the Council Chamber is a series of fine

Sir Henry Sidney was the most famous of these Lords President, although Milton's "Comus" has for ever drawn attention to another of the Presidents, Lord Bridgewater. In 1689 the Court of Marches was finally abolished, and the castle went to decay, but it is said that up to 1774 some of the rooms were in a perfect state of preservation. There is no space here to more than hint at some of the attractive features and interesting historical associations of this grand old castle. Mr. Thomas Wright and Mr. Oliver Baker have given much valuable information about it.

Retracing our steps along Castle Street to the Butter Cross, we come to the top of Broad Street, a wide handsome causeway leading down to the picturesque Broad Gate, the only one of the old gates still left standing. When the walls stood intact there were seven gates, giving entrance to different parts of the town: Broad Gate, Old Gate, Goalford Gate, Corve Gate, Linney Gate, Dinham Gate, and Mill Gate. The town side of Broad Gate has been modernised: the centre stone arch of the gateway is pointed, of the fourteenth century; the portcullis grooves can still be seen.

From Broad Gate a steep descent leads to Ludford Bridge across the Teme. Old Ludford Bridge was a most picturesque object, and was supposed to be Norman of the twelfth century. In 1886 a furious flood did so much damage to the old bridge that in the following year it was almost rebuilt, and though, in the main, the old form has been preserved, the bridge now looks quite modern. Nothing in Ludlow had prepared us for the exceeding beauty of the views from Ludford Bridge: from the castle the Teme appears only a silver streak; just outside the castle walls it is seen in greater volume, but at Ludford Bridge it is a broad and noble river. Immediately opposite, on the other side of the water, is the sequestered village of Ludford in Herefordshire, its interesting little church and fine House buried among the trees; and close by, on the left, is the very quaint half-timbered gabled manor house, formerly the Old Bell Inn, with a pretty, old-fashioned garden leading down to the banks of the river. Behind, on steeply rising ground, appears Ludlow, and looking either up or down the river are lovely pictures formed by the weirs, over which the water boils in white foaming surf, with backgrounds of trees and picturesque buildings on one side, and the tree-girt rocky Whitcliffe on the other.

The mill seen from Ludford Bridge is very picturesque. But we have little idea of the beauty of the neighbourhood of Ludlow until we have walked to the top of the Whitcliffe; from there, at our feet, we see the silver Teme winding along, crossed by the Ludford and Dinham bridges. On the opposite side of the river rises Ludlow, crowned by the stately tower of St. Lawrence; a little to the left are the ruins of the splendid old castle, half hidden among trees; farther away to the right towers the bold, irregular summit of the Titterstone Clew, 1780 ft. above the sea, and all round are distant heights and scenes of wooded beauty.

From the Whitcliffe the road soon leads to the famous woods, part of Heywood Forest, immortalised by Milton in "Comus." In 1633 the Earl of Bridgewater was appointed Lord President of the Council of the Marches of Wales, and in the following year his two sons and daughter, Lord Brackley, Thomas Egerton, and Lady Alice Egerton, were on their way to join him at his official residence in Ludlow Castle, when they were overtaken by night in Heywood Forest and lost their way. The two brothers became separated from their sister, but after a time they found her, and they all reached Ludlow Castle in safety. Milton, at that time, appears to have been staying in the castle, and hearing of the adventure, he wrote the "Mask of Comus," which was acted for the first time in the Council Chamber of the castle on Michaelmas Day 1634.

The road leads on through the wood to Mary Knowl, but we turned off on the left and followed the narrow path, and soon found ourselves in the midst of the wood, among trees arching so thickly overhead that the sun was entirely hidden. Here and there were small open circular spaces where fairies might delight to hold their revels. Bearing to the right, after about three-quarters of a mile, we came to the limits of the wood in that direction to an open hill-side, where sheep were feeding; on the left the dense woods stretched along over hill and dale, as

far as the eye could see; above all towered the wooded height called the High Vinnals. A little way along the hill-side the country opened, and there were glorious views for miles and miles. On the right the Titterstone was a prominent object; the hills of the Longmynd lay in front; in other directions, range behind range of distant blue heights were bathed in floods of golden light from the setting sun. The scene was



THE MILL.

altogether full of peace and beauty; all at once the sheep "ba-a-ed" at the unwonted intrusion of a stranger. We retraced our steps through the wood, and shortly before we reached the high road to Ludlow we had a wonderful vision: there was a sudden break in the dense foliage, and the massive tower of St. Lawrence and some of the surrounding houses appeared in the midst of the green trees. The sun had almost set, and its expiring rays caught the distant church and houses which flamed with crimson glory, and looked like some place enchanted.

The road on the other side of Ludlow by Gravel Hill, past the sandpits, leads to the Titterstone; about a mile from the town along this road we turned down a lane on the left between two cottages, then over a stile across a field and over another stile; at the bottom of the next field we saw Dodmore, the object of our search, partly hidden among trees. Dodmore is a half-timbered house of about the year 1600; it has been little tampered with, and is wonderfully picturesque; one side of it is much overgrown by a virginia creeper, and the other side is partly covered by a luxuriant vine. It is now used as a farm-house, and the house and surrounding farm buildings stand quite alone without another dwelling in sight; there seemed to be no way of getting to the house except through a very muddy farmyard. The place looked deserted. At last we saw a small boy, with a queer grown-up look on his face. He told us, with a broad grin, that the way to the house was through the muddy farmyard, and that the men were all in the fields. We splashed through the yard among numerous calves, turkeys, geese, and fowls. Close to the house



STOKESAY CASTLE, NEAR LUDLOW.

was a buxom woman in a sun-bonnet diligently sweeping, and she proved to be the farmer's wife. There is some carving on the timbers of the house, and inside is a carved oak chimney-piece. Dodmore lies some way from the high road, but its romantic situation and interesting character make it well worth the trouble of finding out. Stokesay Castle, which has been described in a previous article, is about equidistant between Ludlow and Church Stretton, and stands close to the railway line.

G. S. M.



ENTRANCE TO LUDLOW CASTLE.

rooms, in two of which the Princes, Edward the Fourth's hapless sons, spent some time before they were taken to the Tower of London. From the windows of these rooms are beautiful views over the valley of the Teme.

In the year 1139 an exciting incident took place on this side of the ruins. King Stephen was besieging the castle; he had been up to the north to subdue the Scots, and had with him as hostage the Earl of Northumberland, the son of the Scottish king. The Prince went too near to the walls, and was seized by a grappling-iron flung out from the battlements. King Stephen, at the risk of his own life, bravely went to the Prince's rescue, and freed him by cutting with his sword the ropes to which the grapple was attached.

In a court not far from the keep, midway between the kitchen and the vast oven, is the old well, nearly a hundred feet deep, now covered by an iron grating; near the top the sides are overgrown with a tangle of ferns and other plants. From the top of the massive keep the town and surrounding country are seen to great advantage, and a comprehensive idea of the castle ruins can be gained. The colour of much of the crumbling old stone is very beautiful, and the shattered walls are decked with yellow and grey lichen, with ferns, moss, grass, and wild flowers.

The castle was the principal seat of the Lords President of the Council of Wales, who presided over the Court of the Marches. Ludlow, although not actually in the Marches, was upon the border of them. This borderland between England and Wales was from early times subject to the special government of powerful nobles called the Lords Marchers of Wales; they had almost supreme power, and the King's writ did not run in their territory of the Marches. In Edward the Fourth's time the castle passed to the Crown and became the residence of the Prince of Wales. After the death of Prince Arthur, eldest son of Henry VII., a regular Court of Marches was established, with a Lord President.





THE FATE OF OUR CHRISTMAS GOOSE.





NEPTUNE.  
Similar ships are Marsou, Magenta.

REDOUTABLE.  
Similar ships are Dévastation, Courbet.

CAÏMAN.  
Similar ships are Indomptable, Terrible.

DUPUY-DE-LÔME. COLBERT. DUGUESCLIN.  
Similar but smaller, Jean-Bart. TRIDENT.

HOCHE.

FORMIDABLE (FLAG-SHIP).  
Similar ship is Amiral Baudin.

AMIRAL DUPERRÉ. FORBIN.

# DOES BRITANNIA NEED NEW BULWARKS?—THE FRENCH SQUADRON IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

FRENCH PERMANENT SQUADRON: 9 Ironclads, 2 Armoured Cruisers,  
2 Protected Cruisers, 3 Smaller, 6 Torpedo-Boats.  
FRENCH RESERVE SQUADRON: 8 Ironclads, 2 Armoured Cruisers,  
3 Protected Cruisers, 4 Smaller, 4 Torpedo-Boats. In commission  
with full crews six months, rest of year with reduced crews.

FRENCH TOTAL: 17 Ironclads, 4 Armoured Cruisers, 5 Protected Cruisers,  
12 Smaller, 10 Torpedo-Boats.  
BRITISH TOTAL: 19 Ironclads, 2 Armoured Cruisers, 3 Protected Cruisers,  
4 Smaller, and no Torpedo-Boats.





CONTRABAND.



## ART NOTES.

## THE OLD WATER COLOUR SOCIETY.

Fashion may change, taste may vary, new artists may arise, and new art theories may be broached, but the Old Water Colour Society holds steadily by the traditions which have raised English artists in this branch to the high position they occupy. No one would pretend to say that each successive generation of painters at the Old Society has not its own special ways and preferences, its own passing moods; but good painting and a high standard of excellence in technical work are qualities by which its members have been, and still are, recognisable. Many of them are too old to feel the special influences which for good or for ill are passing over English contemporary painting; but there are not a few who show that they can move with the times, and bring with them those special qualities of knowledge and finish which are so deplorably lacking in the younger men, who hope to attain distinction by breaking with all the traditions of the art of which they claim to be the special devotees or expositors.

In each winter exhibition of the Old Society we are warned beforehand that it contains sketches and studies; but of such, only to the chalk and coloured drawings of Mr. Burne-Jones, Mr. Shields, and Mr. Walter Crane is this limitation strictly applicable. The beautiful atmospheric effects obtained by Mr. Alfred W. Hunt on the Yorkshire coast and in North Wales; by Mr. Matthew Hale in Cornwall and elsewhere round the coast; and by Mr. Albert Goodwin in his view of Oxford from the summit of Magdalen Tower—all these are the results of poetic observation and careful work. In the way of landscape these three stand far above all their fellow-members, although there is much to admire in the work of Mr. Herbert Marshall, Mr. R. Thorne Waite and Mr. Edward Goodall. With the exception of one little gem, "Shepherd and Sheep," Mr. Tom Lloyd sends nothing but what recalls in an emphasised way his previous painting; and one feels that he is working for the etcher and not for himself or his art. Mr. Robert W. Allan is excellent in his long line of Spanish peasants "Going to Market" over a sandy plain; but he does not convey with any distinctness the difference between the light and shadow of Spain or Richmond. Mr.

pieces the scene from "Adam Bede," where Dinah visits Hetty in prison, is powerfully but harshly told by Mr. J. H. Henshall, and is by far the most noteworthy, if we except the studies by Mr. Burne-Jones already referred to. But the strength and beauty of the present exhibition are decidedly in its landscapes, and such work as Mr. Edward Hughes's exaggeration of Mr. Burne-Jones's peculiarities

subjects which had set it in motion could not deal with matter more transcendently than Mr. MacColl in his studies of nature—or, rather with the images of nature passing through his mind. No one can deny that in such pictures as a "Grey Pastoral" (5), the "Market Place, Dieppe" (22), "Quiberville" (24), and half-a-dozen others, he has conjured up not only the sense of beauty, but scenes which recall bright moments in our lives and pleasant memories of the past. Mr. MacColl has no ambition to emulate the success of "photographic" artists, who can reproduce each feature of a scene with brutal exactitude. He seems rather to aim at holding the place of the poet-artist, leaving to those enamoured of *technique* the pleasures of their prose works.

The display of George Morland's works, and of reproductions thereof, brought together by Messrs. Vokins (Great Portland Street), will give to those who have never before had the opportunity the advantage of grasping the wide range of the artist's power. It is difficult to determine accurately Morland's place in art, for he by turns shows himself as a passionate lover of nature—the ripest fruit of the Norwich school—then as a painter of animals and farmyard life; and finally as a figure-painter and moralist with a very distinct ideal of female beauty. It is probably in his country-life series that he has found the largest circle of admirers; for his horses and pigs, farmers and gamekeepers are strongly impressed with the quality of the soil in which they thrive. As an artist, also, George Morland deserves a very high place, if only for his skilful

use of partial illumination in his pictures. His taste and self-knowledge prevented him from pushing this method to exaggeration, but in looking through this most interesting series of his works one cannot fail to appreciate how much he had learnt, through the local traditions of the Norwich school, from the masters of Dutch art, whence Old Crome and his followers had drawn their inspirations.

Mr. John Varley's recollections of his wanderings in the East, now on view at the Japanese Gallery (Old Bond Street), show a very decided advance upon his earlier works. His touch is brighter and more delicate, and he finds that he can produce better effects with gradations of tone than with brilliancy of colour. Agra, Benares.



"READING MADE EASY."—T. B. KENNINGTON.  
THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS.

without his poetry is altogether out of place among so many scenes of brightness and beauty.

We present our readers with three characteristic specimens of modern painting selected from exhibitions now open. Mr. T. B. Kennington has, on this occasion, chosen his subject in more comfortable circumstances than he allows himself to do generally, and "Reading Made Easy" under such conditions would commend itself to the most recalcitrant pupils. Mr. Kennington's draughtsmanship is always good and firm, and in the present case his colouring is more than usually attractive and vivacious. Mr. Garland is one of a group of clever animal-painters who is steadily making his way to the front rank, and, as the very numerous "Brown

Family" testifies, he is never at a loss for new expressions in the faces of his dogs. The head of the family seems to think that the vagabond who has of his own free will gone wandering need not disturb so angrily the stay-at-home members; and she evidently purposes to let him consider his position for some time longer. Mr. Stefano Novo belongs to the school of painters of Venetian street life made known to us by Mr. Luke Fildes and Mr. Van Haanen, and in a lesser degree by M. E. de Blaas. Broad painting and bright colouring are the distinguishing features of this school, with a very appreciable bias towards a type of beauty which is not to be found at every corner of the Piazza San Marco or even in the remoter quarters of the city, although occasionally the ordinary tourist comes upon a face or figure which makes the works of Venetian painters, old as well as new, intelligible realities.

The new Goupil Gallery (a strangely ill-omened name) is inaugurated by a collection of water colours which, however much they may offend our general views of art, cannot fail to attract attention to the artist. Mr. D. S. MacColl's career has been as brilliant as it has been varied, but it is as an art-critic holding uncompromising views on the functions and domain of painting that he is most widely known. Those who dissent from his conclusions are the readiest to admit the skill with which he defends his theories and the sharp blows he has showered upon conventional art in this country. Those who accept his judgments will naturally feel anxious to see how the critic turned artist can give evidence of his faith. The ordeal is one so uncommon and so seldom self-sought that the present exhibition cannot but obtain something more than a *succès d'estime*; while among the four-score bright sketches hung round the room there is so much that is delicate and fanciful that it will not, on the

other hand, be a *succès d'exécration*. Artists themselves, even those whose work the art-critic has dealt with most severely, will not hesitate to admit that Mr. MacColl's sense of colour is most subtle, that his appreciation of light and atmosphere is the highest, and that his pictures only need "finish" to place them in the front rank. Mr. MacColl's aim is one which for our part we hold to be beyond the painter's reach—to depict ideas rather than objects. A Platonist who had dissociated thought altogether from the



"THE ORANGE-SELLER, VENICE."—STEFANO NOVO.  
THOMAS MCLEAN'S GALLERY, HAYMARKET.

E. K. Johnson has taken example by Mr. Gregory to give us a flower garden in June; but, although we recognise the skill with which the poppies and hollyhocks are painted, the garden is not one which exists, one will hope, elsewhere than on canvas. Mr. Walter Field's stretch of "Meadowland" (113) well deserves the prominent place accorded to it, and Mr. Lionel Smyth's "Riek-Building" (103) on the north coast of France has qualities which bespeak the truthful as well as the true artist. Among the figure



"A BROWN FAMILY."—VALENTINE T. GARLAND.  
THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS.

Cawnpore, Delhi, and Lucknow are names which conjure up memories of Eastern magnificence and of British heroism, of a glorious past of which we have the present inheritance. For those who are unable to see with their own eyes the spots round which the history of so many centuries has turned, the present series of pictures will be of the highest value; while to those whom inclination or necessity has drawn to visit our great Eastern dependency, Mr. Varley's sketches will be an interesting memento.



## LITERATURE.

## THE LIFE AND WORK OF REMBRANDT.

*Rembrandt: His Life and Work.* By E. Michel. Translated by Florence Simonds, and edited by F. Wedmore. (London: Heinemann.)—M. Michel's work upon the great Dutch artist has, since its appearance, been regarded as "the last word" to be said on Rembrandt's career. Free alike from the ill-natured gossip of Houbraken and the tediousness of the laborious Voesmaer, it presents to us a vivid picture of the artist and the times in which he lived. The English edition is, if anything, an improvement on the original, thanks to the taste of the editor, the care of the translator, and the liberality of the publisher.

Rembrandt Harmenz—to give him his true name—was born at Leyden in 1607. Beyond the fact that he was taught to write clearly, and that he was entered as a student at the Leyden University, nothing is known of his early life. There was no school of art in Leyden, and Jacob van Swanenbach was the teacher with whom Rembrandt passed three years before entering the studio at Amsterdam of Pieter Lastman, one of the pupils of Robert Elsheimer, who had done more than any other to Italianise Dutch art. Rembrandt speedily discovered that with the aim and methods of this school he had no sympathy, and after six months returned home to "study and practise painting alone in his own fashion." He was then just seventeen years old. Three years later he was able to present to the world his "St. Paul in Prison," now in the Stuttgart Gallery, and "The Money-Changer," now at Berlin, both bearing the date of 1627. They are single-figure studies, which may easily have been made from the life; but beyond a certain knowledge of *chiaro-oscuro*, they presage nothing of future distinction. From the very first, Rembrandt diligently studied from the life, and when other sources failed him he took himself for a model, whether for painting or etching. This practice, however, had its drawbacks, for although, by shifting the artificial light, he was able to obtain all sorts of contrasts and shadows, the emotions he portrayed were mere factitious contortions, and not the expression of real feeling. His first etchings, portraits of his mother, bearing the date of 1628, show far more delicate handling without any loss of character or likeness. Other members of his family served as models, so that of Rembrandt's earlier work the greater portion is strictly domestic. This did not prevent his reputation becoming known outside the home circle; and he began to obtain commissions for portraits and other pictures from the wealthy patrons of art. His removal to Amsterdam then became a necessity, and in 1631 he took up his abode in the city which was henceforward to be associated with his art for all time. His debut coincided with the completion of the picture of "The Presentation in the Temple," now at the Hague. In the following year he made the acquaintance of Professor Tulp, one of the enthusiastic advocates of anatomical study, and, at the Doctor's suggestion, Rembrandt was commissioned to paint "The Lesson in Anatomy" for the Surgeons' Guild, but now removed to the Hague Museum.

Rembrandt was thus on the high road to fame and fortune when he fell in with Saskia van Uylenborch, the orphan daughter of a magistrate at Leuwarden, who, if not actually beautiful, as the accompanying portrait shows, was very far removed from the washer-women and farm-servants whom Rembrandt, with all the sincerity of realism, reproduced, if no other models were at hand. She became Rembrandt's wife in 1634, and for eight years was the source of his best and most beautiful inspirations, apart from those in which she herself figured. This period includes "The Shipbuilder and his Wife" and "The Night Watch," but in 1642 Saskia, who had already lost several children, died herself, leaving Rembrandt with one surviving child, Titus. His pecuniary affairs were in a flourishing state; orders poured in on all sides; but no sooner did he earn money than he lavished it on friends and relations or on some caprice of the moment. His family was a constant drain upon him. Nothing was too costly for Saskia's adornment, whilst his own passion for collecting seems to have been beyond his control. After Saskia's death, Hendrikje Stoffels, of whose charms we may judge by the portrait of her in the Salon Carré at the Louvre, or from the "Woman Bathing" in the National Gallery, became the mistress of the household, and she remained attached to Rembrandt through the trials of his later years. The crash came in 1655, his collections only realising 5000 florins. That he was not broken down by his pecuniary troubles is clear from the fire he was able to throw into his "Syndics of the Cloth Hall," painted in 1661, and pronounced by competent judges to be his most perfect work. Hendrikje disappears from Rembrandt's work after 1661, and although the exact date of her death is not known, it must have happened before 1664. His subsequent works include the portrait of a young woman in our National Gallery, "The Standard-Bearer," at Warwick Castle, and "The Flagellation," in the Darmstadt Museum, which M. Michel finally assigns to the year 1668. His later life was so little known that biographers writing soon after his death said that he had ended his days at Stockholm as Painter-in-Ordinary to the King of Sweden, and had died there in 1670; while others maintained that he had gone to England and died at Yarmouth

or Hull. As a matter of fact, Rembrandt was reduced to such obscurity that only thirteen florins were expended on his funeral; while the register of the Westerkerk at Amsterdam records: "Tuesday, Oct. 8th, 1669. Rembrandt van Ryn, painter, on the Roozegracht, opposite the Doolhof. Leaves two children." The inventory of his effects, drawn up shortly afterwards, states that the artist "left nothing of personal property but some linen and woollen garments and his painting materials." Even after death some hostile fate seems to have pursued him, for when, a few years ago, the pavement of the Westerkerk was taken up, no remains could be found in the half-open coffin supposed to be Rembrandt's. The reader must draw his own gruesome conclusion.

LIONEL ROBINSON.

## SIR WALTER SCOTT.

*Familiar Letters of Sir Walter Scott.* Two vols. (Edinburgh: Douglas, 1894.)—Somewhere in the flowery and fruitful wilderness of "Fors," Mr. Ruskin divides the life of Scott into three periods—five-and-twenty years of youth, ending with 1796; a "labour-time" of thirty, ending with 1826; and a "death-time" of seven, beginning with 1825. For the first period we have Lockhart alone; for the third, the full text of the "Journal" provided by Mr. Douglas three years ago; and now the middle period is illustrated by the series of familiar letters written and received by Sir Walter, which Mr. Douglas has edited and published. To be quite exact, the series begins with the year of Scott's marriage (1797), and overlaps slightly into the "death-time," for the latest

sorrow. There is little or nothing of brilliance in most of Scott's letters—that quality is liberally supplied by those addressed to him by Lady Louisa Stuart, whose frank criticism of the novels as they appeared is perhaps at once the kindest and the most searching which has been applied to them. Her letters are not all taken up with criticism; they overflow with crisply-told reminiscences of the great world in which she moved for full three-quarters of the century ending with the middle of ours. They form one of the most attractive features of a collection which does not offer a dull page, and the reader constantly finds himself regretting the scantiness of the report of eyes so keen and so kindly. Not the least interesting of the novelties of the collection is the correspondence between Scott and Jeffrey, which, at intervals, followed the severe review of "Marmion" in the *Edinburgh*. It was friendly and, on Jeffrey's side, even apologetic; but, if viewed in the light of Scott's occasional remarks on Jeffrey in letters to other correspondents, the reader will see no reason to change his former opinion—that the strictures on "Marmion" had a good deal more to do with the severance of Scott's connection with the *Edinburgh* and with the starting of the *Quarterly* than any political differences.

Among the contents of these volumes, which will be found specially interesting, are the letters which relate to John Leyden, by whose early death Oriental scholarship suffered an irreparable loss; and the letter of the Ettrick Shepherd which opened his correspondence and almost his acquaintance with Scott. But where all is interesting

and much important, it is impossible in a short notice even to indicate a tithe of their attractions. No one but Mr. Douglas knows the material from which he had to select, but it is hard to believe that his selection could have been better, and his editing seems to be perfect. The knowledge on which he draws is unrivalled, and his notes are "without overflowing, full." The frontispiece is a drawing in profile of the Chantrey bust at Abbotsford (that at Drayton Manor is different), and makes an admirable portrait. There is, perhaps, none better, unless we except the sculptor's pencil sketch from life, which Mr. Ruskin reproduced in facsimile in "Fors Clavigera."

J. DYKES CAMPBELL.

## A NEW AND GREAT POET.

*Poems.* By Francis Thompson. (London: Elkin Mathews.)—This volume of poems is likely to make a literary sensation. One expects to see it excessively praised and excessively abused within the next few weeks, for Mr. Thompson's manner is the great manner, and calls for neither kindness nor tolerance. To the reviewer he is, indeed, a new sensation, for it is so long since a volume of poetry claiming to follow the great traditions of the art has been published, and one is cloyed with the perfection of form and the quintessence of sweetness. Mr. Thompson's muse cares nothing at all for these things: she is at once as impassioned as an inspired priestess and as riotous as a bacchante. His imagination is splendid, his diction extraordinarily rich and fervid, and the wealth of his poetical thought even extravagant. The book has the fault of these qualities, and lacks the elasticity of reticence. In such a poem as "A Corymbus for Autumn," for example, the recklessness of the outpouring does not always pause to take thought for the poem's dignity. The whole series of poems entitled "In Dian's Lap" is remarkably serious and beautiful, and it is not in them the vagaries of the young poet's fancy are to be looked for.

One recalls no such praise of a woman, unless, perhaps, one goes back to Sir Philip Sidney and Stella.

I have mentioned Sir Philip Sidney, and I would say again that, at his best, Francis Thompson keeps the best traditions of the Elizabethans unlowered. The comparison with the burning heart of Crashaw is an obvious one. One pardons many things on his lips, as one would on lips the burning coal had cleansed. But he will not be understood of the common reader. He is heavy with words which are cumbersome unless he makes them classical. The very exuberance of the poetry often sets the brain to swim. It is flight, but flight gyrating in shining air, which makes the beholder's eyes turn earthward for rest. But his simplicity, when one gets it, is lucid and refreshing, as in that aerially poised lyric—

Since you have waned from us  
Fairest of women!  
I am a darkened cage  
Song cannot hymn in.  
My songs have followed you,  
Like birds the Summer;  
Ah! bring them back to me,  
Swiftly, dear comer!  
*Seraphim*  
Her to hymn  
Might leave their portals;  
And at my feet learn  
The harping of mortals.

Who is insensible to this, or to "Dream Tryst," or to "The Making of Viola" is, we may safely say, deaf to some of the finest harmonies in earth or heaven. It is a remarkable thing that Mr. Thompson can handle the tremendous subjects he does without ever suggesting to us his courage or his unfitness.

KATHARINE TYNAN.



SASKIA VAN UYLENBORCH, REMBRANDT'S WIFE.

now printed was written on Dec. 29, 1825, a month after the first stab had been delivered. It seemed to Scott only a pin-prick, the signing of a bond for £5000 in aid of the temporary needs of the great house of Hurst and Robinson, but a fortnight later, he decided to mortgage Abbotsford; but Mr. Douglas has wisely chosen to keep this collection free from the shadow of the impending ruin. Notwithstanding, it intrudes itself on the reader as soon as he has reached the middle of the first volume. In May 1811 the cloud is no bigger than a man's hand: "I am about a grand scheme at present," writes Scott to Lady Abercorn—"no less than the purchase of a small property delightfully situated on the side of the Tweed, my native river. . . . I intend to build a beautiful little cottage on the spot."

Until almost the close of the middle thirty years, however, no boding sound met Scott's ear, and in reading these jubilant yet modest letters of his nothing jars on ours, or checks the eager flow of our sympathy, save the recurrence of the little subterfuges to which he was driven by the desire to conceal, if possible, his authorship of the Waverley novels. The concealment of the purely commercial relations with printers and publishers which brought ruin in their train does not obtrude itself in the letters now printed; but it is impossible to forget altogether that, all the while, we are enjoying with the writer the delights of a fool's paradise, or to hide from ourselves the spectre that accompanied the splendid procession which "the great Unknown" leads throughout these pages. Spite of all the practice of secrecy which affected without corrupting the honestest and sweetest of natures, the letters are of a quality already well known through Lockhart's fascinating biography—simple, unaffected, full of "the joy of the earth," and of sympathy for all his correspondents, whether in their happiness or their





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Hardy & Carter  
Cairo, Egypt

1. A bit of old Cairo from the Nile.
2. Guides waiting in front of the Hotel at Gezireh.
3. Entrance to Alexandria Harbour.
4. Tombs of the Mamelukes.
5. One of the Tombs of the Caliphs (Kaik Bey).
6. Tombs of the Caliphs, near Cairo.
7. In the Arab Burial-ground of Sakara.





"THE AGE OF INNOCENCE."—BY L. CROSIO.



A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

Naturally the reviews are full of Professor Jowett, though the cloud of witnesses to his great qualities is a little confusing. By some oversight Mr. Swinburne has been permitted to make a laboured eulogy of a man with whom he had nothing in common the vehicle for truculent abuse of other people. Apparently, Mr. Swinburne's chief object in writing this article is to call somebody "an ape of the Dead Sea." But the most exquisite passage is devoted to Jowett's singleness of mind. Had the late Master of Balliol been a sportsman, he would have ridden to hounds without drawing rein to observe the beauties of the landscape. A proof of this "indisputable fact" is that his favourite comedy in Shakspeare was "The Merry Wives of Windsor." And a still surer proof is that when he undertook the task of selecting passages from the Bible for the reading of children, he solicited the aid of Mr. Swinburne. If anyone can discover any coherence in this amalgam of fox-hunting, Falstaff, the Scriptures, and the author of "Poems and Ballads," I beg to proffer him my respectful admiration. Much the best account of Jowett is in *Cornhill*. The humorous anecdotes, perhaps, are a little thin, and nothing so diverting is told of Jowett as Jowett was in the habit of telling about his predecessor Dr. Jenkyns, who had a great sympathy for undergraduates in disgrace. The indignant Bursar called his attention to a youth who, after a wine party, had climbed up a tree in a surplice. The Master peered into the tree, and said, "I rayther think I do see a kind of a white bird, Mr. Bursar." But the real interest of the *Cornhill* article is that it illustrates vividly the inexhaustible kindness which endeared Jowett to every man who came under his influence.

The humours of the Fabian Society have engaged the serious attention of Mr. Michael Davitt in the *Nineteenth Century* and Mr. H. W. Massingham in the *Contemporary*. Mr. Davitt plies a cudgel with much vigour, but Mr. Massingham sorrows alike over the impatience of militant Socialism and the Whiggery of the administrators who are now in office. Even when he is discoursing about Venice in the *English Illustrated*, Mr. Massingham seems haunted by melancholy thoughts of the Fabians from whom he has cut himself off and the Government which he regards with misgiving. I quite expected to find him relieving his soul in these lines

I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,  
With Fabians and fossils on each hand.  
I saw from out the wave strange measures rise  
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:  
Some twenty years their cloudy wings expand  
Around me, and a dying Glory gleams  
O'er the far times when many a Liberal band  
Look'd to the eloquence of shifty wiles, [votes!  
Where Gladstone sat in state, throned on a hundred

In the *Fortnightly* the candid friend of Ireland who disguises himself as "X" continues his agreeable epigrams on the character of his countrymen and their political idols. In the same review Mr. W. S. Lilly takes up his familiar parable against the follies of democratic self-government, but goes on to sketch an ingenious scheme for getting rid of the hereditary principle in the House of Lords. Moreover, Mr. Lilly reminds Dives in the *New Review* that there is no excuse for riches which are divorced from public obligations. I am afraid the author of "Shibboleths" is rapidly acquiring the repute of a revolutionary person. However, anybody who feels alarmed will find a soothing argument in the *Contemporary* that the doctrine of Evolution and the Book of Genesis are really on the most affectionate terms; and to show that truth may penetrate even the most disordered mind, Mr. Arthur Symonds tells us in the *New Review* how Paul Verlaine confessed his admiration for the "English Sunday" because it was "so religious."

Of literature, the magazines have not much to boast, except Mr. Leslie Stephen's fine appreciation of Matthew Arnold in the *National Review*. Here, too, is one of those sombre studies which make Mr. George Gissing the despair of critics who think fiction is worthless or worse when it deals with the unrelieved tragedies of life. "The Day of Silence" is a chapter from the annals of the London poor. A father and his little son are drowned in the river by the carelessness of a tipsy companion, and the mother dies of heart-disease in the midst of her work at about the same moment. If it be the business of fiction to make the world joyous, especially at Christmas time, then Mr. Gissing is a public enemy; but I don't suppose the imputation will trouble him very much. Some more pessimism, with the misleading title of "A Hunt for Happiness," figures in the *Fortnightly*. Its moral is the beneficence of death, and it was written by that unfortunate young man, Francis Adams, who died by his own hand. The realiest antidote to this gruesomeness is the astonishing portrait of Mark Twain in the *Century*. Here you see the humorist smoking a huge cigar, and hugging one of the pine logs of what appears to be a summer-house. Anything less suggestive of suicide I have never beheld. Equally refreshing are Mr. Dudley Warner's reflections in *Harper's* on American literature. What America badly needs, says Mr. Warner, is criticism. It is the habit of his countrymen to boast that everything in the United States is big, without any reference to its quality. This characteristic Mr. Warner calls Barnumism, which is the equivalent for the Philistinism of the Briton. We have read something like this before, but its appearance in the "Editor's Study" has the shock of novelty. In one of Mr. Henry James's stories there is a celebrated novelist with a sort of spiritual double, who sits at the desk and writes the immortal works while the man whom all the world knows is talking commonplaces at five o'clock tea. I wonder whether Mr. Howells's double still haunts the "Editor's Study" by force of habit, and whether he has had any unpleasantness with Mr. Warner. There is, by-the-way, a most gentlemanlike "mill" in *Longman's* between Mr. Lang and Mr. Walter Besant, touching the wrongs of authors and the wickedness of publishers. It is a great comfort to think that when all other themes are stale, flat, and unprofitable, this will remain to us in all its pristine freshness—this and Madame Sarah Grand's conviction (see "Eugenia" in *Temple Bar*) that dissolute young men with bloated faces are always prowling about looking for unsophisticated wives, with a view to "settling down." L. F. A.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W DAVID (Cardiff).—We shall give the amended position every consideration.

D G PESHMAZOGU (Alexandria).—Will you kindly oblige us with a diagram of your position, as we cannot get an intelligible position from the written places of the pieces?

Mrs Druitt (Kensington).—Your solution will not do. When Black plays 1. P to K 8th, the Pawn becomes a Kt, and so prevents the mate at Q B 2nd.

F W C.—See reply to Mrs Druitt.

ADMIRAL BRANDRETH.—The solution is acknowledged below. That of Mrs Baird's is among last week's names.

T TAYLOR (Plymouth).—Much too elementary. Compare it with any good two-move position.

W LITTLE (Stockport).—No. 2588 is quite correct, and the move you give for Black, K to Q 4th, is not on the board. See answer to Mrs Druitt.

F YOUNG.—1. Q to B 4th is another solution to your problem.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2587 received from Edward J Hobday, M.D. (San Diego); of No. 2589 from H T W Lane (Stroud), W Lillie (Marple), and Sidney Williams; of No. 2590 from Sidney Williams, C M A B, and Victorino Aioiz y del Frago (Pamplona).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2591 received from Admiral Brandreth, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), R H Brooks, R Worters (Canterbury), T Roberts, Blair Cochran (Clew), W Lillie, N Harris, J Ross (Whitley), John S Martin, F Young, E Bygott (Sandbach), Sorrento, L Desanges (Brighton), C E Perugini, Brockley, T Shakespear (South Yardley), L Beirant (Bruges), J Coad, Stirlings (Ramsgate), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Victorino Aioiz y del Frago, M A Eyre (Folkestone), W R B (Plymouth), D F St, Louise E Holmes, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), G H Hargraves (Brighton), H S Brandreth, W P Hind, W R Taillem, H B Hurford, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), B D Knox, Alpha, Martin F, Julia Short (Exeter), Joseph Wilcock (Chester), J D Tucker (Leeds), E E H, W David (Cardiff), E Loudon, T G (Ware), G Jolecy, T Isaac (Maldon), A J Habgood (Haslar), Ubique, C M A B, Shadforth, F Waller (Luton), Charles Burnett, F J Knight, and T Shoebridge (Nutfly).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2590.—By W. F. JONES.

WHITE.  
1. B takes P  
2. Q takes Q (ch)  
3. B mates.

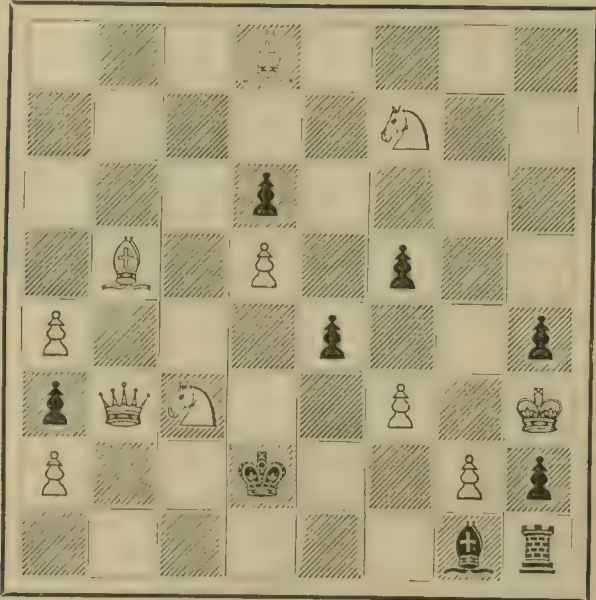
BLACK.  
Q to Q 5th (ch)  
K to K 3rd

If Black play 1. Q takes Q, 2. R to R 5th (ch), K moves; 3. B to Q 7th, mate. If 1. K to K 3rd, then 2. Q to K sq (ch), and 3. B to K 3rd, mate.

PROBLEM No. 2593.

By D. E. H. NOYES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Consultation game played at Simpson's between Messrs. EVELYN and BIRD on the one side and Messrs. VAN VLIET and MULLER on the other.

(From's Gambit.)

WHITE (E. and B.) (Van V. and M.)	BLACK (E. and B.) (Van V. and M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. P takes P	P to Q 3rd
3. P takes P	B takes P
4. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th
Too bold a line of play. The accepted continuation is Kt to K 3rd, &c.	
5. P to Q 3rd	P to Kt 5th
6. Q to Q 4th (ch)	Kt to B 3rd
7. Kt to Q 4th	Q to R 5th (ch)
8. K to Q sq	K Kt to K 2nd
9. P to K Kt 3rd	Q to R 4th
If B takes P, then 10. B to Kt 2nd, B to Q 3rd; 11. Kt takes Kt, Kt takes Kt; 12. B takes Kt and wins.	
10. B to Kt 2nd	B to Q 2nd
11. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes Kt
12. Q to K 4th (ch)	B to K 3rd
13. P to Q 4th	Castles (Q R)
14. Q to B 2nd	P to B 4th
15. P to K 3rd	Q to B 2nd
16. P to Kt 3rd	B to Q 4th
17. R to B sq	B takes B
18. Q takes B	Q to Kt 3rd
19. Q to Q 2nd	K R to B sq
20. Kt to Q 2nd	B to K 2nd
21. P to Q 4th	
A good move. White has the best of the opening, and steadily gains as the game proceeds.	
21. B to Kt 4th	
P to K 4th for the purpose of trying to	

CHESS IN CANADA.

Game played at the Montreal Chess Club between Mr. STEINITZ and Mr. J. N. BABSON.

(Muzio Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th
4. B to Q B 4th	P to Kt 5th
5. Castles	P takes Kt
6. Q takes P	Q to B 3rd
7. P to K 5th	Q takes P
8. P to Q 3rd	K to R 3rd
9. B to Q 2nd	Kt to K 2nd
10. B to B 3rd	Q to B 4th (ch)
11. K to R sq	R to B sq
12. Kt to Q 2nd	Q Kt to B 3rd
Here possibly P to Q 3rd was advisable. Clearly the Kt threatens to come in with great effect. White gets, in fact, a capital game.	
13. Kt to K 4th	Q to K B 4th
14. Kt to B 6th (ch)	K to Q sq
15. Q R to K sq	P to Q 3rd
It appears as if now Black had time to get rid of the troublesome Kt by B to K 4th or Kt to K 2nd.	
16. Q to K 2nd	B to K 3rd

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
17. P to K Kt 4th	
This fine move does much to win the day.	
18. B takes B	Q to Kt 3rd
19. Q takes P	P takes B
20. B takes R	R takes Kt
21. R takes P	B to Kt 4th
And this is another really pretty move.	
21. R takes B	B takes B
22. R to B 7th	Q to K sq
23. R takes P	Kt to K 4th
24. P to Kt 4th	Q Kt to Kt 3rd
25. P to Kt 4th	
Black is helpless, while these Pawns march to victory, and White wins an interesting game in fine style.	
25. P to R 5th	P to Q R 4th
26. P to Kt 5th	Kt to K 4th
27. P to Kt 6th	R to R 3rd
28. P to Kt 6th	R to B 4th
29. P to Kt 7th	Kt to Kt sq
30. Q takes Kt, and wins.	

On Saturday, Dec. 2, a team of the Metropolitan Chess Club journeyed to Oxford to play a match with the University Club, and obtained a victory with the score of 7 to 3.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

One of the signs of the times is the increase in the drinking of non-intoxicating beverages. Temperance has been immensely assisted by the cheapening and improving of the non-alcoholic liquors, and one of those most important to that end is ground cocoa and its aristocratic preparation, chocolate. Many years ago, our best chocolate, whether in the form of bonbons or cake or drinking chocolate, came to us from France; but we have long ago altered that, and now the perfection of cocoa and chocolate is English. The great firm of J. S. Fry and Sons, of Bristol, whose name is a household word, prepare a "concentrated soluble" cocoa that they claim is the perfection of the manufactured article. As a beverage, cocoa suffered for some time, and, as regards certain cheap "brands," may still do so, from the artificial addition to it, for cheapness' sake, of starch, which thickened in the cup just as starch does in the laundress's pan when boiling water is poured on it. The "stodginess" and the sickly flavour of starch and cocoa might well be offensive to persons of delicate palate. But in the preparation of Fry's cocoa, there is a maker's guarantee that nothing is added, and only some of the fat, which is too plentiful for the digestion in its full quantity, is removed, so that the flavour and nutriment as well as the stimulating properties of the genuine article are obtained, while it is quite soluble and therefore quite digestible. This house also sends out eating chocolate in numerous forms, both pure and combined with other preparations of sugar. One of the recent introductions is Ceylon chocolate, which differs in some degree in flavour from the production of the western hemisphere, and the use of which is calculated to increase the prosperity of our little dependency. Messrs. Fry are making a feature of chocolate, both cake and bonbons, prepared and put up for Christmas presents in pretty boxes, of almost any size that may be wished for; the boxes and the packing showing the taste that was once lacking in English goods, and the introduction of which is one of the most useful changes for English trade in the market of the world with French goods for competitors. Nothing can be more pretty than the packing of Fry's fancy bonbons this season.

Messrs. Parkins and Gotto, so long famous for toys that their name is one to conjure with in the ears of the young, and who are hardly less celebrated for all fancy goods, have an immense stock of precisely those sorts of articles that are most suited for ordinary Christmas presents. From the leather or brass writing sets at all prices, through the splendid dressing-bags and cases, the opera glasses, the stamp or photograph albums, the tennis sets, and the sets of scissors in smart cases, away to the small shilling toys, or those more elaborate ones, such as the fortresses to build up and shoot down with pea-shooters, the cooking-stoves at which little girls may actually prepare food for nurse and the dollies, the boats that run over the ponds by the aid of clockwork, the dolls with trousseaux of the most gorgeous description, or the always popular "sit-down" games such as draughts, chess, &c.—all are to be had there in variety.

A perfectly splendid catalogue of jewellery and silver plate has just been issued by the "Association of Diamond Merchants," of Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross. It is a quarto volume of 240 pages, well bound, and containing 3000 illustrations. A feature of it that is extremely useful to anybody residing in the country and wishing to order from its pages is that the articles are all drawn so that the size can be correctly seen. In most cases the exact size is depicted; for instance, the diamond necklaces, convertible to tiaras, which are a specialty here, are shown with the stones numbered, so that by choosing in the picture the precise size wished for the centre stone, one knows the price that will have to be paid, the other stones being, of course, graduated down from the central gem. When the article is one too large to illustrate "life-size," the difference of scale is stated. But if this is not enough to allow a customer to choose, the Association will send goods on approval on receipt of a deposit for their value, and will make no charge if nothing is purchased. So that really it is as easy for the provincial as for the London resident to purchase from this store. This interesting catalogue, it should be added, is sent post free and absolutely gratis to anybody applying. All classes of goods are included. Among the novelties are some in diamonds. Specially noticeable is a brooch of the familiar curb pattern, that we all know in gold, but that has never before been got in diamonds, so arranged as completely to cover the design in the shining stones; it is remarkably effective. Another is "the musician's brooch," in which a violin is perfectly imitated in diamonds and fine gold. Enamel in different colours is one of the latest fancies in Paris, and really makes most pretty and uncommon little trinkets. The curb appears to advantage in this form again, the pattern being in ruby enamel, with brilliant set in the centre of each curb. The same material, which can be had in either red, green, or blue, is used to make shamrock, heart, and other designs in brooches. A pretty little gold and pearl mistletoe brooch is as low in price as fifteen shillings; and the solid silver articles begin at five shillings.

Mr. Streeter, of Bond Street, whose reputation as a mineralogist is world-wide, was the introducer into this country of the pretty little green gem stone, the chrysoprase, that has attained such immense popularity. The chrysoprase is by no means a modern discovery, for it is mentioned in the Revelations as being part of the wonders of beauty of the New Jerusalem; but it was forgotten till Mr. Streeter brought it back. It is soft and pretty exceedingly, and mounts well with either diamonds or pearls, while it is inexpensive by itself—quite smart and pretty bridesmaids' and other gifts in it can be had for considerably less than a five-pound note. One such is a plain gold bangle with a heart of chrysoprase dangling from it, and an initial worked in the stone in pearls. Among the finer ornaments in which the intrinsic charm of the chrysoprase is blended with the costliness of other gems is a thistle brooch, the centre in rubies, and leaves in diamonds, and the stem and cup in chrysoprase. Another is a double heart of the green stone set round with diamonds; and another a marquise bracelet with pearl setting. The hunting brooch has a horseshoe in diamonds and the frog in chrysoprase.



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## GOLF'S PLACE AMONG GAMES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Golfers are still scribbling away in reply to Mr. Alfred Lyttelton's attempt to estimate the place of golf among games. To myself his remarks seemed very just and candid. A really first-class game, I think, demands more physical agility than is required for golf. The ball should come at you, alive as it were; in golf it lies perfectly passive, to be hit at. Not that it is easy to hit the passive ball as it should be struck—far from it; still, there it lies, offering no opposition, doing nothing of its own mere motion to puzzle and betray. Now, at cricket, when a man is batting, the ball takes an active part, and comes at him and at his wicket with every variety of pace, curve, pitch, spin, and twist. It is like a live thing, or should be. In fielding, the same endless variety on the part of the ball is manifest, and there is even more need of agility and quickness on the part of the fielder; of nerve, too, at such a field as silly point, or short-leg close in. Manly and masterful qualities are required. At tennis the ball is vivacious and full of difficult tricks, in proportion as it is cut and as it cannons from different walls and angles. The wicket-keeper at cricket, one should have said, has, of all playful tasks, the most arduous. On his nerve, hands, eyes, and power of instantaneous calculation and rapid action incessant demands are made. Mr. Lyttelton, as a wicket-keeper, knows how different and how immeasurably higher is the mental and bodily strain at that post than anywhere at golf. Higher and, in practical life, more serviceable faculties are developed. As to football, it needs great activity, some personal pluck, speed, physical strength, power of combination and calculation, discipline, and self-sacrifice. Moreover, cricket and football are games corporate; you play for your side, under orders, not for your own hands, as at golf. Football has, moreover, the advantage of conciseness, concentration, and cheapness. It is wasteful neither of money nor of time. Like cricket, it can be viewed by, and give pleasure to, a vast multitude of spectators; whereas at golf a "gallery" is odious to most players, especially when members of the perambulating mob take shots with photographic weapons at a man as he puts or addresses himself to his ball. The click of the kodak, the talk, the moving figures and shadows, put men off their game. At cricket and football the gallery is not only harmless, but positively encouraging. For all these reasons I would place cricket and football far above golf, which may be regarded as even inferior to tennis in its demands on agility and promptly calculated action and use of the legs. As an exercise, golf is inferior to fencing, where much duty is thrown on the

legs, and the mind is not inactive, as the sequences of a phrase may be calculated. However, golf has the immense advantage over tennis (of course, I do not mean lawn-tennis) and fencing, that it is played in the open air.

The real merits of golf are not striking and dramatic, but lie in its wide diffusion. At any age, from two to ninety, men, boys, and children may play golf. They get a mild kind of exercise—say what you will, it is a mild kind, especially when you shiver for ten minutes before your stroke as you follow a party of potterers. The worse you play the more exercise you get; the further you walk the more numerous whacks do you apply. A bad player smites and perspires in a bunker or in whins, a good player is out in one. Except in a foursome where a man is much inferior to his partner, there is no corporate sentiment in golf, no need of discipline, no playing under orders. Its one enormous merit is that all who can toddle can play a kind of game; its next quality is that nearly everybody may play one or two holes as well as the best performers, and so there is constant encouragement. At cricket you may be out first ball, and, if you are no bowler, you may have very little to do; whereas at golf you are playing all the time. Thus golf offers quantity, if not quality, of sport. Once more, like cricket, it has a variety of departments: a man may be a good bat, yet a poor field and no bowler; or a good bowler and no bat, as is common enough; or a good field but a mediocre batsman. So, at golf, you may be a deadly putter but a weak driver, a long driver and a helpless master of the iron, and your proficiency with each club may vary from day to day. There is thus variety enough in golf, and, what is more valuable, there is need of good nerve in an uphill or close game, and of good temper always. Golf is a very subjective game: to play well and win we must learn to be masters of our moods, which beset us more strenuously on the links than on the cricket-field. No game is more trying to the temper; he who can govern himself at golf has learned an invaluable lesson. Of Tom Morris, who after seventy has as good a game in him as any man, it is reported that he never said anything stronger than "Dear me!" however great the provocation. About golf 'tis falsely said that it is an old fogey's game. Fogey's can play a game, and even a very fair game, but this is to the credit of the pastime. Meanwhile "youth will be served"; the young men are the best players—witness Mr. F. Tait, Mr. Peter Anderson, and Mr. Hilton. This is as it should be, yet any day any of these champions may succumb to Mr. Leslie Balfour, who has "come to forty year," or to Mr. Horace Hutchinson, though "grizzled hair the brain doth clear." And even

they might have the worse of it with the perennial Tom Morris, on his day—though, in the nature of things, his day is no longer "every day and all." These circumstances constitute the chief claim of golf to be a first-rate sport, yet I think they are outweighed by the corporate and unselfish nature of cricket and football, and by the far higher demands made by those national games on physical strength, endurance, pluck, discipline, and agility, not to mention their character as public entertainments, nor the comparative ease with which proper grounds can be procured. You can have cricket-grounds and football-grounds in a large town. Golf is a rural game, and needs the seashore for links really worth playing on. Inland links only supply a fair imitation of golf. That the craze for this amusement may fade out is heartily to be wished. The English beginners, cutting up the turf and counting every stroke in little books, are a weariness to behold; they keep back the whole green with their arithmetic and their wrangles over the rules. Their pot-hunting, their fondness for prizes, their inordinate handicaps—with Jones turned loose with an allowance of thirty-five—are less mischievous than professional football, but spring from the same commercial instincts. In time this factitious enthusiasm may die out, and links may be left to people who play an honest, old-fashioned match, and do not count their strokes. Golf is a good game, in short, and a game which adds to the health and happiness of many who can play at no other; but for the highest qualities, give us football and cricket. An athlete like Mr. Lyttelton, even if a late student of golf, has as good a right to his opinion as men who can play golf and nothing else. Scotch patriotism should not make us prejudiced, for we probably owe the game to the Dutch, and football is as old a Scotch pastime as golf.

A beautiful stained-glass window, the gift of the Duchess of Sutherland, has just been placed in Lilleshall Church, Salop. The window is in memory of the late Lady Alexandra L. Gower.

A memorial window to the late Bishop Wordsworth has been put up in the Episcopal Church at St. Andrews. It was stated at a special service that some three hundred a year were now confirmed in Dundee.

Sir Algernon Borthwick, M.P., opened a bazaar in the Kensington Townhall on Dec. 6, in aid of a fund for providing one thousand dinners a day for the poor of Chelsea and Kensington. The bazaar was under the patronage of Princess Christian, the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the Duchess of Teck, and nearly one hundred peeresses.

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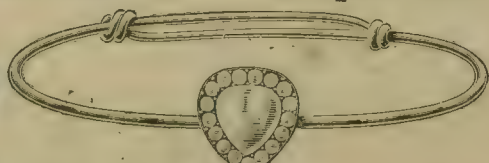


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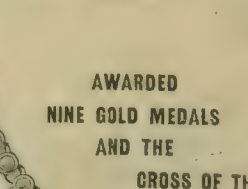
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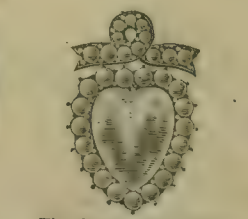
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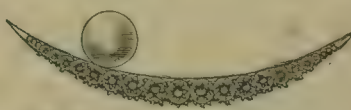
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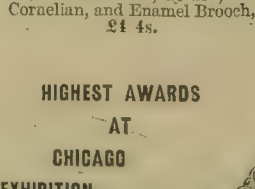
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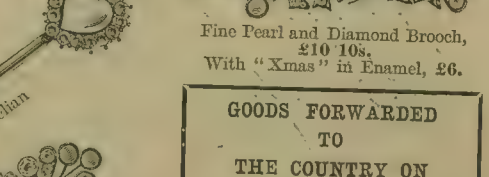
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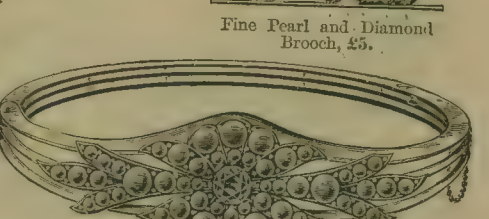
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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

In the interests of playgoers in general it is earnestly to be desired that Dr. Todhunter will see his way to alter his excellent modern comedy, "The Black Cat," so as to make it acceptable to modern audiences and within the range of the clever actresses who have already distinguished themselves in it. To my mind, it is not only a very able but a most interesting work. It is fresh, spontaneous, destitute of trick and affectation, and, so far as its dialogue is concerned, the work of a scholar, a thinker, and a philosopher. There are, as we all know, epigrams and epigrams. Some that affect to be spontaneous are, in reality, the most laboured—led up to in the most deliberate and unblushing fashion. Others seem to spring from a native mother wit. We all know at the dinner-table the two types of conversationalist. One has spent the whole afternoon before he comes to dinner in reading up a particular subject or deliberately conning the jokes he intends to fire off at our heads by and by. His only course is artfully to lead up the conversation to his prepared learning and his manufactured jokes. He passes for a wit, but only with such as are ignorant of his process. The other conversationalist tackles the conversation of the moment spontaneously. He is ready, alert, prepared to hold his own with any antagonist. It is the same with the writers of plays, and when one finds a writer so ready and genuine as Dr. Todhunter, one regrets the more that he has been beguiled into giving a tragic conclusion to a fine piece of comedy work. It is extraordinary to me that men who study playwriting as an art cannot see that certain subjects and certain treatments of subjects lend themselves naturally to a tragic conclusion. The horror of it is then exactly what we want. You must end "Romeo and Juliet" and "Hamlet" and "Othello" with a catastrophe. There is no other way of getting out of it. In the same

way you must end "Much Ado About Nothing" with a jig. The artist can do nothing else; but to lay down a hard and fast rule that all plays to be appreciated must end miserably simply because the happy ending is inartistically forced, is to my mind ridiculous and untenable.

"The Black Cat" is just one of those plays that from the point of view of art should not end miserably. The author has worked up to a reconciliation between a worn-out discontented wife and a priggish, selfish husband. This has been his aim and object from the outset. The man has had his wild moments of lawless passion, and broken away from them. The woman is trying with all the sweetness and beauty that are in her nature to patch up and mend her broken heart. The child—bond of union between the two—has run away in despair, been caught, and saved from danger and death. The man and woman face one another in the presence of this shock. But by the interposition of Providence they would have had to mourn not only their own mutual transgressions, but a dead child—driven to her death by their own despair and selfishness. It is this saved child that is the turning point of the play. Dr. Todhunter sees it, for the husband's arms are around the waist of the woman he has injured. The reconciliation is imminent; it is in the air. All demands it for this subject. But what does Dr. Todhunter do? Misled, deceived, over-persuaded by false guides and counsellors, he is afraid of a legitimate and happy artistic ending for this particular subject. And he spoils an admirable play in order to advertise a fad. He has given it the very worst advertisement that fad ever received. He sends his half-yielding, half-forgiving wife to the poison bottle, which is naturally kept with the wines and spirits in the cellarette. He makes the innocent child motherless at the will of her unnatural mother. He makes the repentant husband a brutalised widower. He does not satisfy anybody, not even the woman who would have been a mistress, but was thrown over by her lover. Now, is this natural? Is it probable? Is it human? We have to ask ourselves would that particular wife behave in that particular fashion. I say no. The woman was more than convinced she had won back her husband to his allegiance, and yet she drenches herself with prussic acid without one thought of the child who was a bit of her life. I say, "Women don't do these things." Paulas do not commit suicide; Nora Helmers do not go out and bang the door without kissing the children they idolise; the poor discontented victim of "The Black Cat" does not swallow a cup of cold poison, but kisses and cuddles her child, thanks God for it, and prays that her husband's love may be restored to her. The tragic conclusion of this play came as a shock even to the members of the Independent Theatre Society. They felt that the play was wrong somehow, but they did not know that the blot was caused by this very horror of so-called convention that they all affect to despise. I don't see that convention has anything to do with it. It is a question of good art or bad art. It is good art to bring "The Black Cat" to its legitimate and natural conclusion. It is bad art to force the tragic stop when it is not wanted.

But the practical pity of it is that this mistake deprives the playgoing public of seeing the excellent acting of Miss Hall Caine and Miss Mary Keegan—acting so good, so thoughtful, so inspired that it would be welcome anywhere; and it takes from the majority the joy and the delight of those early comedy scenes in which Dr. Todhunter holds up to such delightful ridicule the very school, the very men, the very absurdities that would, if pursued and insisted on, make the playhouse the rendezvous of the few and not of the many. I do not hesitate to say that I should like to see the honest playgoers of London and the provinces enjoying the admirable humour and scholarly thoughtfulness of "The Black Cat." It would do them good. It would enable them to discuss moot subjects with toleration, tact, taste, and humour. It would enable them to see that there is something to be said on both sides of the question. But how is this possible when "The Black Cat" as now arranged would empty a theatre instead of filling it? Fads are all very well, but we must consider the subject from a practical point of view. Nay, more; when we go astray from art, we must be led back. "The Black Cat" is not a mistake in ethics but in art!

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Illustrated List post free of our noted English quarter chiming Grandfather and Bracket Clocks at specially reduced prices. For Wedding Gifts or presentations they are admittedly one of the most useful & recherche presents. Makers of the clocks at the Grand, Metropole, Victoria, Baily's, and Savoy Hotels.

Before buying a Present in Silver Plate please write for our SPECIAL LIST of SILVER GOODS, post free from 10s. 6d. to 100 Gs., admitted by the Press to be the most unique and extensive stock in London.

"All prices below Army and Navy Stores."—Court Circular.

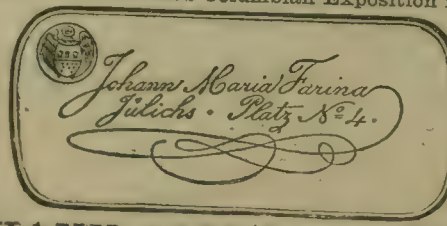
## THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS, JEWELLERS, AND SILVERSMITHS,

6, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, W.C. Diamond Cutting Factory, AMSTERDAM. Telegraphic Address: Ruspoli, London.

## GENUINE EAU DE COLOGNE.

First Prize Medal at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago, 1893.

Known in all parts of the world by the lawfully registered label here shown



JOHANN MARIA FARINA, JULICH PLACE No. 4, COLOGNE O/RHINE. Patented Parfumeur to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and to several other Imperial and Royal Courts.

All Consumers wishing to obtain the Genuine Eau de Cologne, distilled strictly according to the original recipe of the inventor, my ancestor, are cautioned to pay special attention to this label and to my Firm.

## CHOCOLAT-MENIER.

Awarded the HIGHEST HONOURS AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.

## CHOCOLAT-MENIER

In 1/2-lb. and 1-lb. Packets. For BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, and SUPPER.

## CHOCOLAT-MENIER.

Daily Consumption exceeds 50 tons.

## CHOCOLAT-MENIER.

Sold Everywhere.

For over a quarter of a century it has never failed to rapidly restore Grey or Faded Hair, in youth or age.

It arrests Falling, causes Luxuriant Growth, is permanent, & perfectly harmless.

In Cases, 10/6; of all Hairdressers and Chemists. Circulars on application.

Wholesale Agents: R. HOVENDEN & SONS, 31-33, BERNERS STREET, W., and 91-93, CITY ROAD, E.C., LONDON.

**NUDA HAIR RESTORER VERITAS**



**Mappin & Webb's**

**CHRISTMAS PRESENTS IN  
STERLING SILVER & PRINCE'S PLATE**

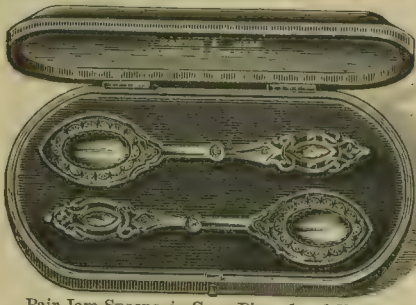
(Regd. 71,552.)



2 Fruit Spoons, 2 pairs Nut Cracks, 2 Nut Picks, and 1 pair Grape Scissors, in Case, all Prince's Plate, £2 10s.



Two Sterling Silver Salt Cellars, Spoons, and Muffinier, in Morocco Case, £1 13s.



Pair Jam Spoons, in Case, Pierced and Engraved. Prince's Plate, 15s.; Sterling Silver, £1 8s.



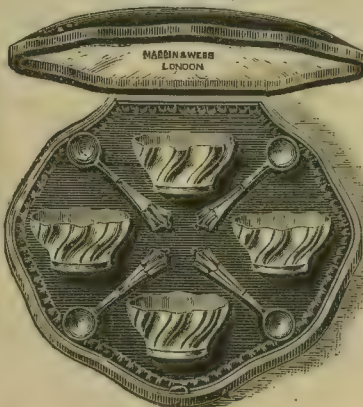
Two Sterling Silver Escalloped Butter Shells and Two Knives. In Morocco Case, lined Silk and Velvet, £3 15s. One Shell and Knife, in Case, £2.



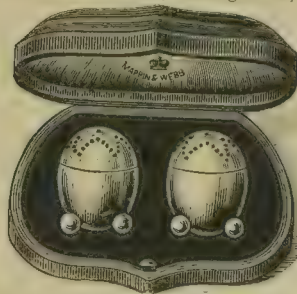
Registered Design. Pair Pickle Forks, XVII. Century Pattern, in Case. All Prince's Plate, 11s. 6d.; all Sterling Silver, £1 11s. 6d.



Richly Chased and part Gilt Fruit Spoons in Morocco Case. Sterling Silver. Prince's Plate.



4 Sterling Silver Fluted Salt Cellars and Spoons, in Morocco Case, £2.



Two Sterling Silver "Dot" Muffiniers, in Morocco Case, lined Silk and Velvet, £1 2s. 6d.



Registered Design. Six Afternoon Teaspoons and Tongs, in Morocco Case, Prince's Plate, £1 8s.; Sterling Silver, £2 2s.

WRITE FOR  
THE  
SPECIAL  
XMAS LIST  
(500 Illustrations),  
POST FREE.

ONLY LONDON ADDRESSES—  
**158 TO 162, OXFORD STREET, W., & 2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET (FACING THE MANSION HOUSE), E.C.**  
MANUFACTORY: NORFOLK STREET, SHEFFIELD.

**MAPLE & CO**  
LIMITED

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD LONDON W

THE LARGEST AND MOST CONVENIENT

FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT

IN THE WORLD

DECORATIONS  
DECORATIONS  
ABOUT OUR HOMES  
ABOUT OUR HOMES  
Containing much interesting  
matter about Decorations,  
Decorative Materials, and  
Sanitary Work, Post Free  
on application.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS  
USEFUL PRESENTS  
COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS

MAPLE and CO have, in view of the general desire for Presents of a useful character, made special preparations in their various departments, and are now exhibiting an interesting selection of elegant, attractive, and acceptable articles at most moderate prices.

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MAPLE and CO'S Useful Presents include Hand-painted and Embroidered Japanese FOLDING SCREENS in many novel and artistic effects, quite different from the usual type, and at exceptionally moderate prices; also numerous new productions in richly carved and gilt Louis Quinze and other varieties. The finest selection of Screens in London. Catalogue of Screens post free.

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USEFUL PRESENTS

MAPLE and CO also suggest as Useful and Acceptable Presents their EXTENDING FLOOR LAMPS in Polished Brass, Copper and Brass, or Hammered Iron with Copper Mounts; also TABLE LAMPS. Brass Pillar Table Lamps, with Globe and Chimney, complete 12s. 6d. Wrought Iron and Copper Extending Floor Lamps, 17s. 6d. Catalogue of Lamps and Shades post free.

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USEFUL PRESENTS

MAPLE and CO have, too, the largest selection of superior Wicker and Bamboo Furniture, as Easy Chairs or Settees in Tapestry, Writing and Card Tables, Cabinets, Stick Racks, Whatnots, Cupboards, Bookcases, &c. The Demi Escritoire, a speciality. Catalogue of Bamboo and Wicker Furniture post free.

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MAPLE and CO also invite an inspection of their magnificent Collection of ORNAMENTAL CHINA, POTTERY, BRASS WARE, Clocks, Bronzes, Armour Trophies, Pictures, Etchings, Engravings, Photographures, Statuary, &c., which will be found to be the best and most complete in London. New Fine Art Catalogue post free.

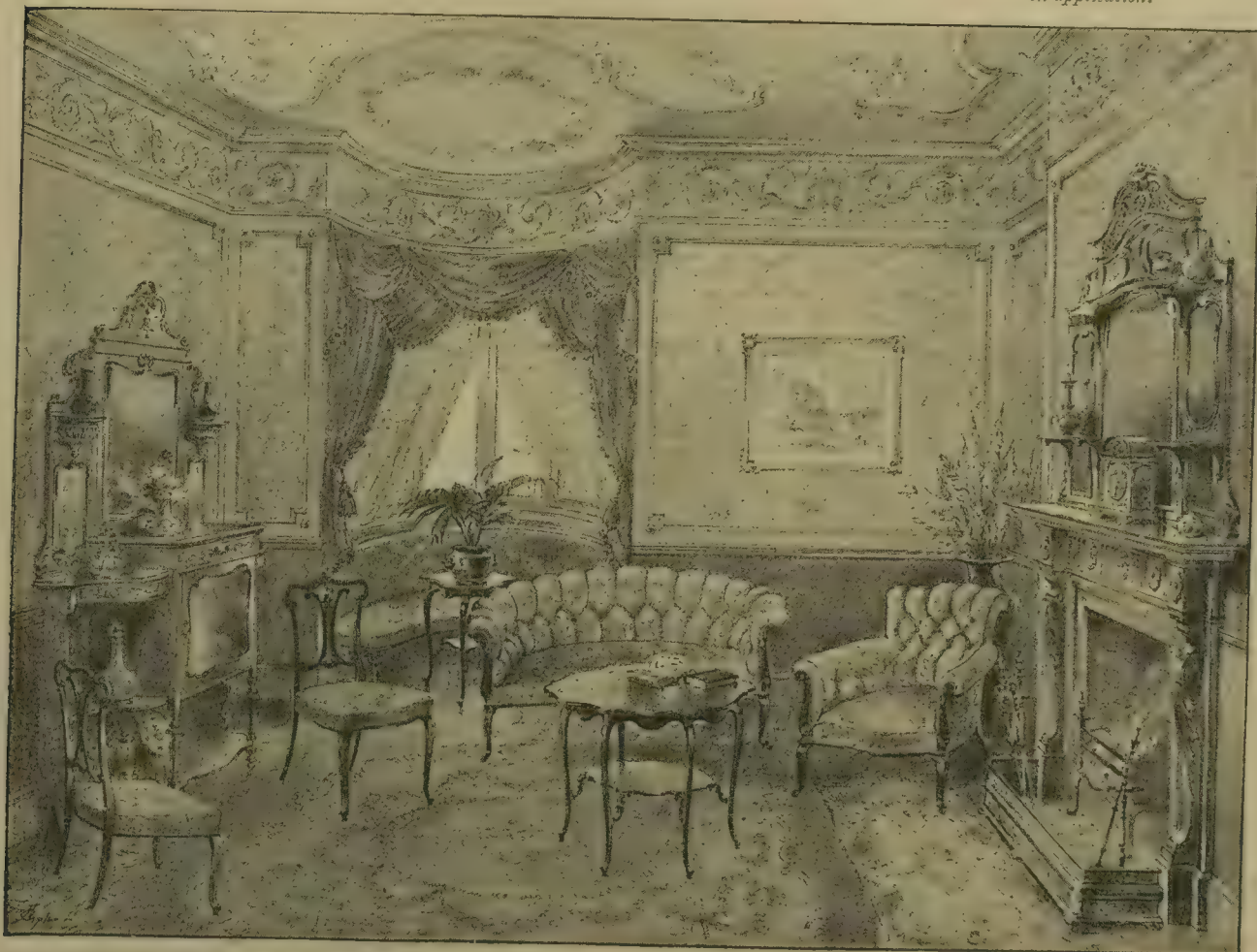
FINE INDIAN RUGS  
USEFUL PRESENTS

MAPLE and CO'S Eastern Rugs are "a lasting pleasure." An importation of Fine Indian Rugs, original designs on rich camel, blue, yellow, or red grounds, each rug measuring about 6 ft. to 6 ft. 3 in. by 3 ft. 2 in. wide, for One Guinea each. A single rug can be sent by parcel post.

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MAPLE and CO would also invite an inspection of their collection of Antique Carved Oak Furniture, comprising numerous quaint and interesting examples, such as elbow chairs, occasional and writing tables, bureaux, bookcases, cabinets, buffets, &c., suitable for presents. Catalogue of Quaint Carved Oak Furniture post free.

CATALOGUES OF 400 USEFUL PRESENTS POST FREE.



The AMERSHAM DRAWING ROOM SUITE, consisting of Settee, two Easy, four Occasional, and two Châlet Chairs, in carved dark mahogany, well upholstered in rich Silk Tapestry, £18 10s.

EXTRA.—Carved dark mahogany Cabinet, enriched with shaped bevelled silvered plates, cupboard lined silk plush, silvered plate at back, and glass shelf, £11 5s. Overmantel, with eight shaped and bevelled silvered plates, £26 7s. 6d. 3 ft. Centre Table, with shaped top, six legs, and undershelf, £2 17s. 6d.



## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 1, 1889), with two codicils (dated Feb. 14 and June 2, 1890), of Colonel William Clives Tamplin, late of Brighton, who died on July 26, is now in course of proof by the executors, Alexander Miller Hallet, Arthur John Berger, and Charles Stewart King, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to over £208,000. Subject to legacies to his executors and some special directions, the testator leaves all the property over which he has any power of disposition, upon trust, for his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 23, 1890) of Mr. Joseph Simpson, J.P., late of Baldock, Herts, and of the Windham Club, St. James's Square, who died on Oct. 6, at 58, Jermyn Street, was proved on Dec. 4 by Evelyn Simpson, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £167,000. The testator gives various shares, debentures, and stock in the Australian Agricultural Company, the South Australian Land Company, the New Plymouth Harbour Board, the Gisborne Harbour Board, the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, and the Imperial Brazilian and Santa Cruz Railway, to his brother John; and the rest of his property, real and personal, to his said son, Evelyn. He also nominates his son as partner in his place in the Baldock Brewery.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of office of the Sheriff of Aberdeen, Kincardine, and Banff, of the trust disposition and settlement, and codicils (dated respectively

July 4 and 7, 1891, and June 30, 1893) of Mr. Duncan Forbes, of Balgowine House, Old Machar, in the county of Aberdeen, who died on July 21, granted to Mrs. Jannet Dyce Forbes, the widow, Colonel John Foster Forbes, Henry Alexander Farquhar Spottiswood, Archibald McIntyre McDonald, and Robert Cran, the surviving executors nominate, was resealed in London on Nov. 28, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £66,000.

The will (dated Aug. 29, 1893) of Mr. Joseph Tarratt, formerly of Cattistock, Dorset, and late of Dorchester, who died on Sept. 19, was proved on Nov. 29 by John Protyman Slingsby Roberts, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £46,000. The testator devises and bequeaths the whole of his real and personal estate to his wife, Mrs. Anne Tarratt, absolutely.

The will (dated March 16, 1891) of Mr. John Scholefield, late of the Reform Club, Pall Mall, who died on Oct. 3, at Buxton, was proved on Dec. 6 by the Rev. Clement Cotterill Scholefield and Cotterill Scholefield, jun., the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £40,000. The testator bequeaths £5000 to his son-in-law John Fisher; and £100 each to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, in trust, for the children of his late daughter Emily Fisher and the said John Fisher, in equal shares.


The will (dated Sept. 6, 1890), with a codicil (dated Nov. 11, 1892), of Mr. John Smith Browne Cardwell,

formerly of 4, Beaufort Buildings, Strand, and late of Cheyne Court, Surrey Road, Bournemouth, who died on Oct. 13, was proved on Dec. 4 by Henry Edward Hubbard and Mrs. Kate Cardwell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £31,000. The testator bequeaths his household goods and effects to his wife; and some other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to make up his wife's income, with what she is entitled to receive under settlement, to £1000 per annum, and subject thereto for his children.

The will (dated Feb. 6, 1886), with three codicils (dated Feb. 7 and 18, 1889, and Sept. 8, 1891), of Mr. Thomas St. Leger Blaauw, J.P., late of Beechland, Sussex, and of Heathlands, Bournemouth, who died on Sept. 11, has just been proved by Mrs. Fanny Alice Blaauw, the widow, and William Selby Church, M.D., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £28,000. The testator gives his furniture and effects at Beechland, all his plate with the Blaauw crest, and all his pictures, prints, books, manuscripts, busts, statues, bronzes, china, linen, and glass, at Beechland or elsewhere, to go and devolve with Beechland Mansion House; the remainder of his furniture and effects, all his horses, carriages, and live and dead stock, and £1000 to his wife; £150 each to his trustees; and his share and interest in the Curraheen estate, in the county of Cork, and all other, if any, his real and leasehold estate in Ireland, to his son Henry Thomas Gilman Blaauw. The residue of his personal estate he

# BOVRIL

THE GUARANTEED  
PRODUCT OF PRIME OX BEEF.



FORTIFIES  
THE SYSTEM  
AGAINST  
**INFLUENZA**  
COLDS and CHILLS.

SERVED HOT AT RESTAURANTS.

Sold by Grocers, Chemists, Stores, and  
Confectioners Everywhere.

## THE NEW NON-POISONOUS DISINFECTANT

# IZAL

"IZAL" instantly destroys Infection in its most dangerous and virulent forms, stops Cholera, Smallpox, Diphtheria, Influenza, Scarlet, Typhus, and Typhoid Fevers, and is a sanitary necessity and protector for the sick-room, nursery, household, hospital, and in public. Its disinfecting properties are enormous, and as a destroyer of disease germs it possesses antiseptic power greater than pure Carbolic Acid. No offensive smell can exist near it. It can be used for all disinfecting purposes the same as with the old-fashioned Disinfectants. Being non-poisonous, it is safe under all conditions. Being non-caustic, it will not benumb the hands or irritate the skin, and is invaluable for washing wounds and in surgical dressings. Being non-corrosive, it will neither stain nor injure linen, bedding, clothing, carpets, hangings, furniture, metals, or surgical instruments. CAN BE USED WITH GREAT ECONOMY. Sold by Chemists and others in large bottles, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d., and Gallon Tins, 10s. Sample bottle or tin sent Carriage Free, in the United Kingdom, for Postal Order.

The Gallon Tin will make 200 Gallons of powerful Germ-destroying disinfectant, costing less than One Penny per Gallon.

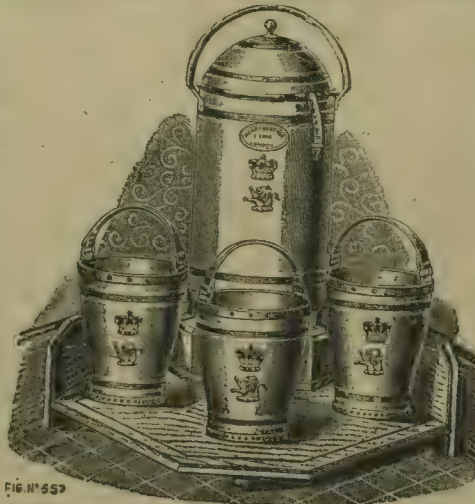
Sole Manufacturers: NEWTON, CHAMBERS, & CO., LTD., THORNCLIFFE, SHEFFIELD.  
London Offices: 19, Great George Street, Westminster; and Thorncliffe House, 331, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.  
The IZAL Pamphlet, containing simple rules for the Protection of Life and Health, sent Post Free.

## MERRYWEATHER CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

WHAT BETTER XMAS PRESENT THAN A

## MERRYWEATHER HAND FIRE-ENGINE?

AS SUPPLIED TO  
H.M. THE QUEEN.  
H.R.H. THE PRINCE  
OF WALES.  
THE DUKE OF FIFE.  
DUKE OF  
MARLBOROUGH.  
MARQUIS OF  
BREADALBANE.  
THE KING OF  
GREECE.  
THE KHEDIVE OF  
EGYPT.  
THE QUEEN OF  
HOLLAND.  
SULTAN OF JOHORE.  
MAHARAJAH OF  
SCINDIA.

THE "CORNER"  
HAND FIRE-ENGINE.

- 1 Merryweather "London Brigade" Hand Fire-Pump, in handsome pail, with brass handles, cover, length of hose, and jet.
- 3 Best Leather Fire-Buckets, painted and varnished.
- 1 Polished Wood Stand for corner of staircase or hall.

Complete, £10 10s.

Write for practical pamphlet "Water Supply to Mansions."

Call 63, LONG ACRE, W.C., or write GREENWICH RD., S.E., LONDON.



VINOLIA SOAP

The latest advance in the art of Soap-making.

VINOLIA SOAP

Will stand every test.

VINOLIA SOAP

Free from drying caustic alkalis that dry and shrivel the skin.

VINOLIA SOAP

Contains extra Cream for delicate skins.

VINOLIA SOAP

Cannot be excelled for the Toilet, Nursery, and Bath.

VINOLIA SOAP

Is devoid of the sugar and resin found in Transparent Soap.

VINOLIA SOAP

Is made from costly edible fats as distinguished from the cheap, bad materials used in ordinary Soaps.

VINOLIA SOAP

Bad fats in Soaps injure the skin.

VINOLIA SOAP

Is free from injurious metallic colouring matters.

VINOLIA SOAP

Is a milled and not a mere boiled Soap.

VINOLIA SOAP

Has received the Medal of the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain, 1892.

VINOLIA SOAP

The above award is the highest in the World.

VINOLIA SOAP

Is delicately Perfumed with the finest essential oils.

VINOLIA SOAP

Premier (for the Million), 4d. per tablet; 1s. per box of 3 tablets. Sweet, fresh, and capital for household use.

VINOLIA SOAP

Floral (for general toilet use), 6d. per tablet; 1s. 6d. per box of 3 tablets. Fragrant and lasting.

VINOLIA SOAP

Balsamic (Medical). Ozonic. Delightful for the Bath, and useful in skin troubles generally, 8d. per tablet; 2s. per box of 3 tablets.

VINOLIA SOAP

Toilet (Otto), perfumed with the choicest Attar of Roses, 10d. per tablet; 2s. 6d. per box of 3. Delicate, and a most excellent Soap for the Toilet.

VINOLIA SOAP

Vestal, 2s. 6d. per tablet; 7s. 6d. per box of 3. An ideal Soap, richly perfumed, and admirably suited for presents.

VINOLIA SOAP

Contains extra Cream; no free Soda or Potash.

VINOLIA SOAP

Soda and Potash in Soaps tend to shrivel the skin, hair, and nails, and make the hair wiry, white, and weak.

VINOLIA SOAP

Is especially recommended by Medical Men for the Nursery.

VINOLIA SOAP

Gives an abundant creamy soothing lather, and will not remove the natural oil from the skin.

VINOLIA SOAP

Is the only suitable and scientific Soap for those possessing delicate, sensitive, and irritable skins.

VINOLIA SOAP

Can be tested

VINOLIA SOAP

With the easy,

VINOLIA SOAP

New, and Scientific Tests.

VINOLIA SOAP

Published by us

VINOLIA SOAP

And sent free on application.

VINOLIA SOAP

Creamy.

VINOLIA SOAP

Demulcent Materials.

VINOLIA SOAP

Delicate Perfumes.

VINOLIA SOAP

Will not dry the skin.

VINOLIA SOAP

Keeps the skin soft and supple.

VINOLIA SOAP

For Delicate Skins.

VINOLIA SOAP

For Shampooing.

VINOLIA SOAP

Will not extract the natural oil from the hair.

VINOLIA SOAP

Different from all other Soaps.

VINOLIA SOAP

Is the only soap of which an analysis is published.

VINOLIA SOAP

Will stand every test. Is entirely different from the old style Toilet Soaps.

VINOLIA SOAP

For Delicate Skins.

VINOLIA SOAP

For Sensitive Skins

VINOLIA SOAP

For Irritable Skins.

VINOLIA SOAP

For the Toilet.

VINOLIA SOAP

For the Nursery.

VINOLIA SOAP

For the Bath.

VINOLIA SOAP

Purest, Safest, and Best.

VINOLIA SOAP

Costs more to make than any other Soap.

VINOLIA SOAP

The Purest of Soaps.

VINOLIA SOAP

Delicately Perfumed.

VINOLIA SOAP

Is entirely different from Transparent Soaps, which contain sugar, resin, &c.

VINOLIA SOAP

Is free from silex, talc, caustic soda, &c.

VINOLIA SOAP

Is out of the category of all other Soaps.

VINOLIA SOAP

The best for Skin Affections.

VINOLIA SOAP

For Delicate Skins.

VINOLIA SOAP

For the Toilet.

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VINOLIA SOAP

Sold all over the World.

VINOLIA SOAP

Best and Cheapest.

VINOLIA SOAPS

And Preparations form very elegant and useful Christmas Presents.

VINOLIA CREAM

A Luxury for the Toilet.

VINOLIA CREAM

1s. 1½d., 1s. 9d., 3s. 6d., and 6s.

VINOLIA DENTIFRICE

(English) 2s. 6d., 7s. 6d., and 13s. 6d.

(American) 1s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 7s. 6d.

VINOLIA SOAP

Premier 4d., for the Million.

VINOLIA SOAP

Floral, 6d., for general Toilet use.

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Balsamic (Medical), 8d., for the Bath.

VINOLIA SOAP

Toilet (Otto Rose), 10d. Exquisite for the Toilet.

VINOLIA SOAP

Vestal, 2s. 6d., for Presents.

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Sulphur, 4d.

VINOLIA SOAP

Terebene, 4d.

LYPSYL

In silver metal tubes, 6d. and 1s., rose-red and white tints.

VINOLIA

EAU DE COLOGNE

2 oz., 1s. 6d.; 4 oz., 2s. 6d. Small wicker, 3s. 6d.; medium wicker, 6s. 6d.

VINOLIA PERFUMES

Special odours—Jequilla, Marequil, Losaria, Vinolia, Bouquet, and also all usual odours.

VINOLIA PERFUMES

1s. 3d., 1s. 9d., 3s., 5s., 9s.

VINOLIA CREAM

An indispensable requisite for the Toilet.

VINOLIA CREAM

Can be used freely and at all times with absolute safety.

VINOLIA CREAM

Free from the harmful ingredients commonly employed in similar preparations.

VINOLIA CREAM

Applicable to all states of the skin, and the safest and most effectual of cold creams.

VINOLIA CREAM

A perfect preparation, and unequalled for abrasions, irritation, and face spots.

VINOLIA CREAM

A perfect protective and emollient for a tender skin.

VINOLIA CREAM

Will allay itching and inflammation of the skin when nothing else will.

VINOLIA CREAM

Invaluable in Eczema, Piles, &c.

VINOLIA CREAM

Forms a most pleasant and useful application to the skin after shaving.

VINOLIA CREAM

Bland, soothing, and innocuous.

VINOLIA CREAM

Has given most satisfactory results when used on the chafed skin of infants.

VINOLIA CREAM

Will be found of great service for general nursery use.

VINOLIA CREAM

Of great value for mosquito and insect bites.

VINOLIA CREAM

Relieves itching and burning instantly.

VINOLIA CREAM

Absolutely harmless.

VINOLIA CREAM

Recommended by the Medical Profession.

VINOLIA CREAM

For the skin in health and disease. Will remove pimples, face spots, &c., after a few applications.

VINOLIA CREAM

May be obtained of all druggists throughout the World.

VINOLIA CREAM

1s. 1½d., 1s. 9d., 3s. 6d., and 6s. per box.

VINOLIA CREAM

For the Skin.

VINOLIA CREAM

For Face Spots.

VINOLIA CREAM

For Irritated Skins.

VINOLIA CREAM

For Itching.

VINOLIA CREAM

For Burning.

VINOLIA CREAM

Absolutely harmless.

VINOLIA CREAM

Can be used freely with absolute safety.

VINOLIA CREAM

For Rough Skin.

VINOLIA CREAM

For Insect Bites.

VINOLIA CREAM

Recommended by the Medical Profession.

VINOLIA CREAM

Choicely perfumed.

VINOLIA CREAM

For the Skin in health and disease.

VINOLIA CREAM

Cleanly to use.

VINOLIA CREAM

Free from poisons.

VINOLIA CREAM

Free from anodynes.

VINOLIA CREAM

Of all Druggists.

VINOLIA CREAM

May be obtained all over the World.

VINOLIA CREAM

1s. 1½d., 1s. 9d., 3s. 6d., and 6s.

VINOLIA SOAP

Contains unchangeable Cream.

VINOLIA SOAP

Free from Soda or Potash.

VINOLIA SOAP

Will prevent Roughness and Redness of the Skin.

VINOLIA SOAP

Will not waste.

VINOLIA SOAP

The only Soap which stands the tests.

VINOLIA SOAP

Is made from choice edible fats.

VINOLIA SOAP

The only Soap awarded the Medal of the Sanitary Institute.

VINOLIA SOAP

The Soap of the Medical Profession.

VINOLIA SOAP

Premier, 4d.

VINOLIA SOAP

Floral, 6d.

VINOLIA SOAP

Balsamic (Medical), 8d.

VINOLIA SOAP

Toilet (Otto), 10d.

VINOLIA SOAP

Vestal, 2s. 6d.

THE PURE OTTO OF ROSE  
IN  
TOILET (OTTO) "VINOLIA" SOAP  
AND  
"VINOLIA" TOILET POWDER  
NOW COSTS A PENNY A DROP.

*Although this represents an advance of 100 per cent. as compared with the cost three years ago, we shall not reduce the quantity in, or increase the price of the above goods.*

BLONDEAU et CIE.

VINOLIA POWDER

For Roughness and Redness.

VINOLIA POWDER

For Toilet and Nursery, 1s., 1s. 9d., 3s. 6d., and 6s.

VINOLIA POWDER

In Pink, White, and Cream Tints.

LAIT VINOLIA

For the Complexion.

LAIT VINOLIA

Soothing and Harmless.

LAIT VINOLIA

In elegant Porcelain Vase, 4s. 6d. each.

VINOLIA POMADE

Natural to the Hair and Scalp.

VINOLIA POMADE

In antique Vase, 3s. 6d. each.

VINOLIA DENTIFRICE

Soothing to tender Gums and sensitive Teeth.

VINOLIA DENTIFRICE

Free from Soap and gritty and acicular particles.

VINOLIA SOAP

Coal Tar, 4d.

VINOLIA SOAP

Carbolic, 4d.

VINOLIA

SHAVING SOAP

Keeps the Skin cool and fresh. Toilet (sticks), 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d.

VINOLIA

SHAVING SOAP

Toilet (flat cakes), 2s., in porcelain dish.

VINOLIA

SHAVING SOAP

Vestal (sticks), 2s. 6d. Vestal (cakes), 4s. 6d.

VINOLIA

SHAVING FOAM

Cooling, Demulcent. Toilet, 1s. and 1s. 6d. Vestal, 2s. 6d.

LYPSYL

For dry, rough, cracked, and pallid lips.

LYPSYL

An indispensable requisite for every Lady's Toilet Table.



An interesting revival was that of Handel's "Jephtha," given by the Royal Choral Society on Thursday, Dec. 7, and yet it proved comparatively unattractive to oratorio lovers, the Albert Hall being barely two-thirds full. It has been explained, and perhaps not unjustly, that this is because "Jephtha" contains very few choruses, and only one or two that are really fine examples of the master's stupendous powers; for "Jephtha" was Handel's last oratorio, and he wrote it in his sixty-seventh year, when he was fast becoming blind. On the other hand, the solos comprise numbers equal in beauty to the productions of his prime—such, for instance, as the "Deeper and deeper still" and "Waft her, angels," which will surely endure as long as anything in the "Messiah." It was a treat to hear these familiar pieces rendered by Mr. Edward Lloyd; while the singing of Mrs. Henschel, Miss Agnes Janson, and Mr. Norman Salmond also gave entire satisfaction.

The Royal College of Music pupils gave their annual public operatic performance at Drury Lane on the afternoon of Wednesday, Dec. 6. Schumann's "Genoveva" was the work selected, and as it had never previously been given upon the stage in this country, the occasion was one of great interest for musicians, the attendance being not only crowded, but representative. As expected, however, the opera did not create a favourable impression. The defects of the libretto were found to outweigh whatever merits the music might possess, while the latter itself is too wanting in dramatic qualities to be fit for operatic purposes. Miss Una Bruckshaw and Miss Louisa K. Lunn (clever pupils of Mr. A. Visetti) respectively filled the parts of Genoveva and the witch Margaret. Miss Lunn has a particularly fine mezzo-

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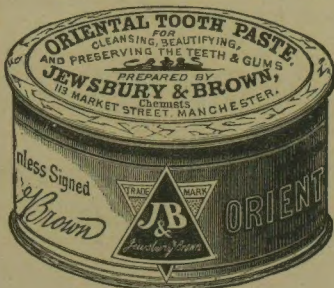


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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Venerable Archdeacon Meade has been appointed Bishop of Armagh by a large majority over Dean Chadwick, the next candidate. The Archbishop will be selected by the bishops. Archdeacon Meade is highly esteemed, but it seems unfortunate that the Irish Church cannot find for its great places names known beyond a narrow circle. It is said that the one man of distinguished eminence on the Irish Bench, Bishop Alexander of Derry, declined the Primacy.

The Ritualists in the Established Church of Scotland have created some commotion. Their doctrines are certainly fitted to startle Presbyterians. At the meeting of the Scottish Church Society, which is their central organisation, prayers for the dead were vehemently advocated. But the Confession of Faith which has been signed by these ministers states definitely "that prayer is to be made for all sorts of men living, or that shall live hereafter, but not for the dead." A leading member of the Conference, Dr.

John Macleod, of Govan, said that the reason why non-churchgoing increased was "sermon weariness," and pleaded for the restoration to its place of "sacramental worship, the celebration of the Holy Eucharist, as the divinely appointed Lord's Day service."

The proceedings of the society are not finding much favour in Scotland, its aims being summarised as "Down with the Pulpit and up with the Mass." The laity were conspicuous by their absence from this meeting. Nevertheless they show that an important section in the Established Church of Scotland would much rather join the Church of England than unite with their dissenting brethren. One of the speakers described Voluntaries as "the most formidable animals in the disestablishment menagerie."

Mr. R. C. Christie has resigned the Chancellorship of Manchester. He departs amid universal regret, his work having been done in a most conciliatory spirit. Mr. Christie is a learned antiquary; his great book on

Etienne Dolet is well known, and he has been an important contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, the able criticism of the "Dictionary of National Biography" being from his pen. Mr. Christie is a brother-in-law of the late Professor Henry Rogers, the author of the "Eclipse of Faith."

Miss Rosa Corder, who painted the well-known picture of Dr. Pusey in the hall of Keble College, is dead. Miss Corder made the picture from caricatures, sketches, and suggestions of those who knew Dr. Pusey, and its faithfulness is attested by the fact that it has been engraved as the frontispiece in the first volume of Liddon's "Life of Pusey."

The new Church Parliamentary party, which now numbers about eighty in the House of Commons, has secured the adhesion of Lord Wolmer, the Liberal Unionist Whip.

Canon Mason is giving a course of lectures on Archbishop Cranmer in St. Paul's.



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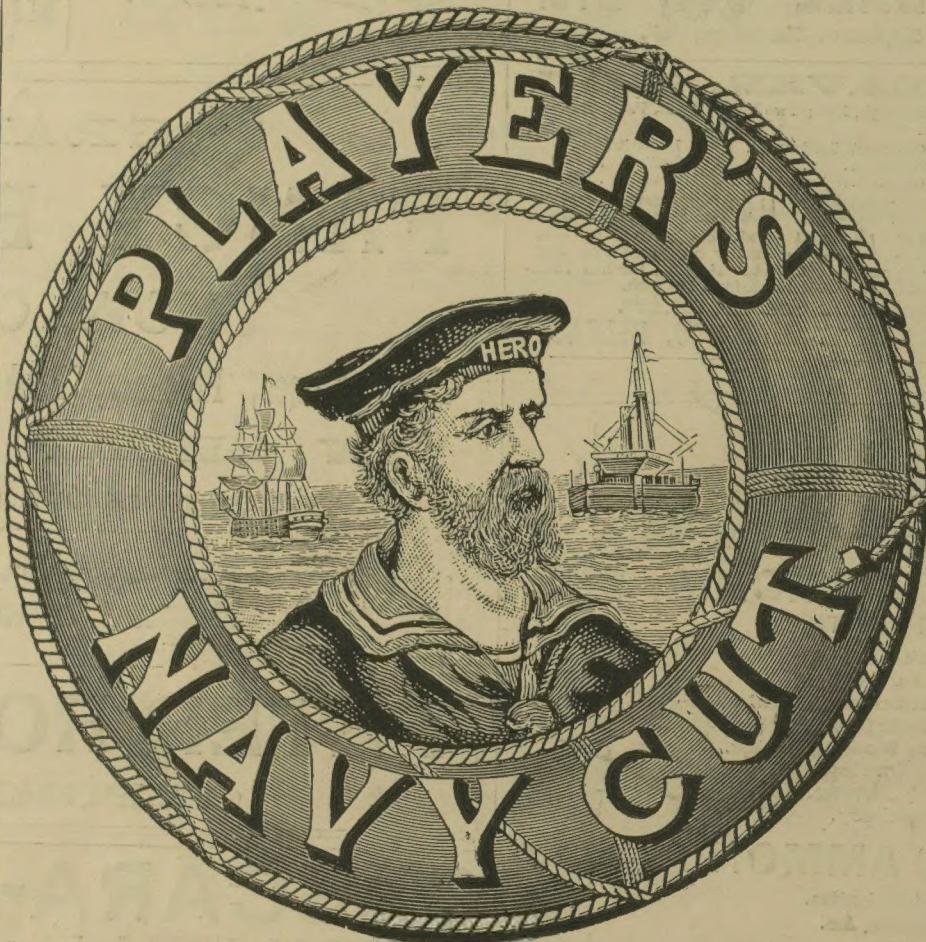
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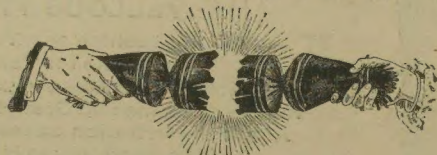
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